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EYE-WITNESS  
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IRISH PATRIOTS AND ENGLISH POLITICIANS.  
BALLADES URBANE. XLVI. By B. C.  
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## Notes of the Week

**W**E publish with cordial pleasure the following telegram received from St. Petersburg, and addressed by a Russian lady of exalted position to THE ACADEMY:—

Really I cannot be silent in presence of terrible disaster occurred with giant *Titanic*. Must express my wonder and ecstasy to the splendid geste of the English gentlemen. So they all till last man until last moment of life by magnificent courage provoked admiration of whole world. Am proud and happy to be confirmed in my respect for royal bravery of your glorious compatriots. Hurrah to England and English people. Salutations of us all.

MARY KOVALEVSKAYA.

On the other side of the Atlantic an exhibition of electioneering fisticuffs is proceeding in a manner which seems strangely amusing compared with our more polished methods of political disagreement—or perhaps we should say with the methods which used to be in vogue before statesmanship was degraded by those who seek a lurid but temporary popularity. Mr. Roosevelt and President Taft, once united in brotherly love and rivals in the exchange of honeyed words, are snarling at one another like a couple of irritated terriers over a bone; and the bone in the case is of course the Presidential nomination. Mr. Roosevelt remarks icily on Mr. Taft's "unpardonable sin" in publishing a confidential letter addressed to "My dear Theodore" in

1911; Mr. Taft retorts that he is justified in "telling the cold and naked truth," and protests that if Mr. Roosevelt is elected again "there is no reason why he should not remain President for the rest of his natural life." Mr. Roosevelt replies, amid cheers, that "it is a bad trait to bite the hand that feeds you," that Mr. Taft is "disloyal to every canon of decency and fair dealing," and that he has been guilty of "the grossest and most astounding hypocrisy." So the entertaining and edifying squabble goes on; and we can only admire at a safe distance the two mighty men of valour who, once locked arm in arm, are providing as antagonists plenty of copy for the untiring American reporters, and endless opportunities for the smart American caricaturists.

Quite a novel method in the treatment of evil-doers is being tried in the Oregon State Penitentiary, according to the *Montreal Weekly Witness*. The new Governor surprised the officials one morning by taking breakfast with the convicts at six o'clock; and he has a pleasant little way of dropping in for a friendly chat with them unexpectedly. Further, he says to the prisoners, "You don't want to stay here; I'll make a bargain with you. I'll let you out of prison and put you at work near by if you will give me your word not to run away." This savours of Utopia, and, strange to say, so far the idea seems to have succeeded, though we rather fancy that there cannot be many very desperate characters in the State of Oregon. At any rate, we trust that the authorities in this country will not adopt the policy of making pets of their prisoners; a man who has forged a big cheque or committed some horrible crime would not think much, we imagine, of a broken parole, and dwellers near Dartmoor have been worried quite enough with escaped convicts even under the present regime.

Last year, for the first time, it was possible to insure against wet weather in this country, and, doubtless as a direct consequence, we had one of the most beautiful summers on record. From the first of May the system is again in operation; we can insure against wet holidays, for instance, receiving for a weekly premium of 15s. a sum of £6 for each week "in which there may occur more than two days' rain, amounting in each day to more than 0.20 of an inch." Obviously a small fortune awaits the weather-prophets who pride themselves on their infallibility if they will but act up to their convictions; we do not quite see, however, why this business should not work both ways. Why, for instance, should not the farmer be able to insure himself against loss by an unusually dry season, if the ordinary man can protect himself from the mere inconvenience of a particularly damp holiday? The question of heavy local showers, too, will become important, since a fifth of an inch of rain—the crucial amount—may fall in a thunder-storm in a few minutes. Personally, we are inclined to take our vacations philosophically; speculation on the weather is surely one of the riskiest forms of sport possible in this part of the world!

### To Joy

ALTHOUGH your spirit sparkles like the wine  
Celestial, you are earth-born, Joy, by choice,  
And your ideals only half divine.  
For with the guileless eyes and silver voice,  
You have the tricks of fairies, and a tongue  
That works for mischief when it finds the chance;  
You whisper to a boy, since he is young,  
"Of what avail is time or circumstance!"—  
You give a merry twist to solemn things,  
Making of life and love one holiday:  
And for the dance you lend our feet your wings  
That they may not grow weary in the play.  
You're just a little worldling, Joy, it seems,  
But who like you can give such happy dreams!

ANTOINETTE DE COURSEY PATTERSON.

### The Pagan Ideal

THE Pagan ideal comes up to us in a cloud of incense, in an echo of sylvan music, in a vision of dancing forms, not out of the true past, but out of that glamour which our imagination tells us the past might have been. It is more at home with history than with cold knowledge, more at home with art than with religion, more at home with poetry than with faith. Its austerity is of sadness rather than of hope, and it is always something of a picturesque resignation. Yet it is an indestructible as well as an airy and vaporous fabric. It is wise as well as superficial; it is both thoughtful and careless, both disciplined and idle, both grave and humorous. It acknowledges no divinity in moral or social laws, and is always a mocker at tradition; yet it creates as many rules as it denies, and for every belief from which it turns away adds a touch of earnestness to its worship of the creed unborn. It gives allegiance to no religion, yet in its way loves them all. It loves the purity and sweetness of Protestantism and its intimate domestic way. It loves the cathedrals of the Roman Catholic, the vivid ceremonial, the heavy mutter of the Mass. It loves, also, the worldly wisdom of the Papist and his occasional touches of cynicism. In Buddhism it finds an ethereal peace; in the creed of the Hindu a strange touch of mystery, a goblin-like splendour, as of an old red god of clay watching in a wayside temple, alone with the moonlight and the dust of countless crimes and countless years.

The modern Pagan has an affinity with the Greek, but he insists more upon the romantic side of things, finds many of the Greek myths and symbolic deities but clumsy devices, and detects a certain thinness in the philosophy of even an *Æschylus*. With the Greeks he takes a gloomy joy in the power of fate, even when he himself is hard hit by that power. Like Stevenson, something of a Pagan at heart, he finds such matter for awe in the romantic methods of destiny that he is aided by them to overlook the tragedy which only too often

grins through the romantic wrappings. But in spite of this he has always a leaning towards gloom, and his creed degenerates too easily into the depressed Hedonism of an *Omar Khayyám*. So that at his worst the Pagan is a mere frequenter of taverns, a mouther of ornate formulæ, an embroiderer of fanciful regrets, a somewhat flimsy jester, a somewhat hectic rhapsodist, given to inhaling a kind of opium which is not the less dangerous because it is not to be bought in the market-place, and to taking nameless poisons as deadly as any in the *Pharmacopœia*. Such a man may save his virtues and his interior strength; his debauchery may be only intellectual, but he is a decadent for all that. He is part of the backwash of a complicated age; if he is well preserved, he is not young; if he is wise in his fashion, he is neither innocent nor cheerful. He is only too easy a prey of the respectable, decently-sinning folk, who are annoyed by the most harmless philosophic vagaries, and who are always ready on small provocation to repeat their ancestors' exploits with the faggot and the stake.

Although not a lasting nor a comfortable creed, the Pagan ideal has some claim to the toleration of the world. Most artists, great and small, have owed it allegiance at one time or another. Its cult might be called the wild oats of the creative mind, or the Lord of Misrule whom the swelling fancy of the poet or painter is apt in youth to obey, not because the artistic mind is naturally vicious, but because it is naturally a rebel, a revolutionist, and even an anarchist. When the young gentleman of the Quartier Latin springs upon the *café* table and pours out a scathing attack upon the established religion of his country, there is certainly a bid for the idle laugh; but there is also a bid, and a stronger one because it is unconscious, for the shivering of all conventional fetters which may imprison natural fervour of thought and speech. When the æsthetic undergraduate demolishes the Christian dogma at the rector's tea-table, he may be venting a mere boyish conceit and complacency, but his pleasure in shocking his neighbours has a deeper and healthier root than either conceit or complacency. He is making his small plea, as the martyrs made their great plea, for the right to esteem what others despise, and to question what others esteem, if it seems good to him to do so.

These, however, are only the antics of the passing devotee. At its highest and best, the Pagan ideal takes itself as quietly and as seriously as any orthodox faith. The Pagan has no priest of official standing, no temples of stone; his creed is infinitely various, infinitely vague, and could not exist for a single day had it not some sure foundation in the human mind. It is no mere denial, like atheism. It is rather an affirmation of all the glamour that somehow escapes from the formal interpretations of formal religions; it is a stretching out after revelations which have never been made, after mysteries which have never been solved, and which the true believer is only too apt to pass by with averted eyes, drugging his mind with thoughts of paradise. To whom the Pagan says: "Look up and seek the cause of things. I have done so and despaired. You may do so and rejoice."

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## May-Day and the Moderns

ON the First of May, precisely two hundred and fifty years ago, Samuel Pepys "rode, with some trouble, through the fields, and then Holborne, etc., towards Hide Park," whither all the world seemed also to be going; and on the same evening, riding homeward, he watched the morris-dancing in Leadenhall Street. There are no May-poles in the Strand to-day—any bands of enthusiasts who should endeavour to set one up would find themselves appearing at Bow Street in the morning, inconveniently famous, objects of popular curiosity, doomed to the ignominy of a fine or a brief seclusion; and if they pleaded that there was good precedent for their attempt, or quoted Milton to the effect that "the jolly hours lead on propitious May," the witticisms of an unpropitious magistrate might shatter their illusions.

It seems a pity, however, that we are so callous over May-day in these later years; for let those scoff who will, the English Spring is a notable season. We absolutely refuse to quote Browning on the subject of April, having read—and returned—three poems a week with that text during the past month; but there was undoubtedly good reason for the stanzas of the historic poets, from Chaucer onwards, in praise of May-time. Our winters are so long, so dull and deadening, that we feel inclined to a quite disproportionate rejoicing when the daffodils besprinkle the green spaces of the Park, and the rhododendrons are pompous with buds, and the fountain of Piccadilly Circus is ringed with roses. There comes a certain morning when the sun decides to be friendly, when an overcoat becomes an obvious absurdity, and when, were it not for the sake of our reputations as serious members of a serious Empire, we should not mind shaking hands with the nearest policeman, or, in a perfectly harmless and genial way, knocking his helmet off. And then, we take down our book and read, with the distant bourdon of the motor-buses vibrating in our ears: "The after-part of May-day is chiefly spent in dancing round a tall Poll, which is called a May Poll; which being placed in a convenient part of the village, stands there, as it were, consecrated to the Goddess of Flowers. They have twentie or fourtie yoke of oxen, every oxe havyng a sweete nosegaye of flowers tyed on the tippe of his hornes; and with handkerchiefes and flagges streamyng, they strawe the grounde aboute, binde greene boughes about it, sette up Sommer Bowers and Arbours." And the motor-buses roar on their mastodon way, while we, dreaming, read further to the effect that "in jolly old London the doors were decorated with flowering branches, and every hat was decked with hawthorn; and Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, the morris-dancers, and all the other fantastic masks and revellers were performing their antics about the May-pole in every part of the city."

In every part of the city! Let us to the Strand, post-haste, lest we miss the merriment and laughter! Here is Prince James, Duke of York, Lord High Admiral of England, not disdaining to take his part in the shows; for he commands twelve seamen to assist in the tremendous business, and with "cables, Pulleys, and other tacklins,

with six great anchors," they are hauling and hoisting the giant Pole into position. And the trumpets are sounding, and six drums are beating, and such great shouts and acclamations are the people raising that "it doth ring throughout all the Strand." No wonder; for this tree was "a most choice and remarkable piece; 'twas made below Bridge, and brought in two parts up to Scotland Yard near the King's Palace, with Drums beating all the way, and a streamer flourishing before it." And here are the dancers, with purple scarfs finely deckt, with Tabor and Pipe, and ancient Musick—who can resist the impulse to join the revels?

But we rub our eyes, and the vision vanishes; for the only sound is the incessant clamour of the traffic, and in place of the flowered May-pole there is a man selling roses, each bloom carefully wired lest it fall to pieces and spoil his sale.

Is it possible that there will come, as once before happened when these festivities fell into disuse for years, a fresh burst of irresistible merriment into the hearts of Londoners? Parliament in 1644 ordered that all such frivolous revels should cease, and that all May-poles should be "removed by the constables, buss-holders, tithing-men, and churchwardens of the parishes where the same be," and that the said officers were to be "fined five shillings weekly till the said May-pole be taken down." What a golden opportunity there is for the present bruised and battered Government to distinguish itself for all time! "Mr. Lloyd George, amid loud cheers," says the chronicler, "moved that a May-pole be erected on the vacant Aldwych site, and that all manner of music and refreshment should be provided for the people. This was seconded"—so might the record run—"by Mr. Winston Churchill, who proposed to head a procession of milkmen carrying garlands (since there are no longer any milkmaids), and the House adjourned in due course in order that Hon. Members might go a-Maying."

Alas! times are changed, and we with them, since King Henry the Eighth, in the seventh year of his reign, "on May day in the morning with Queen Katherine his wife, accompanied with many lords and ladies, rode a Maying from Greenwich to the high ground of Shooter's Hill," there to watch the yeomen shoot with bows and arrows. "One, being their chieftaine, was called Robin Hood, who required the King and all his company to stay; whereunto the King granting, Robin Hood whistled, and all the 200 archers shot off, loosing all at once; and when he whistled againe, they likewise shot againe: their arrows whistled by craft of the head, so that the noise was strange and loud, which greatly delighted the King, Queen, and their company." Still, we can pretend: we can play the glorious game of make-believe and picture the flowery pageants of the olden time; we can feel that spring is exactly the same as it was two or three hundred years ago. But there is one thing that we really need not do: we should refrain from commemorating the spring in rhyme. All the best poets have done it, we are aware; but it is a precedent that ought not to be followed.

W. L. R.

## Ethandune

By H. BELLOC.

**I**N the parish of East Knoyle, in the county of Wiltshire, and towards the western side of that parish, there is an isolated knoll, gorse covered, abrupt, and somewhat over 700 feet in height. From the summit of it a man can look westward, northward, and eastward over a great rising roll of country side.

To the west, upon the sky-line of a level range of hills, not high, runs that long wood called Selwood and there makes an horizon. To the north the cultivated uplands merge into high open down: bare turf of the chalk, which closes the view for miles against the sky, and is the watershed between the Northern and the Southern Avon. Eastward that chalk land falls into the valley which holds Salisbury.

From this high knoll a man perceives the two days' march which Alfred made with his levies when he summoned the men of three Shires to fight with him against the Danes; he overthrew them at Ethandune.

The struggle of which these two days were the crisis was of more moment to the history of Britain and of Europe than any other which has imperilled the survival of either between the Roman time and our own.

That generation in which the stuff of society had worn most threadbare, and in which its continued life (individually the living memory of the Empire and informed by the Faith) was most in peril, was not the generation which saw the raids of the fifth century, nor even that which witnessed the breaking of the Mahomedan tide in the eighth, when the Christians carried it through near Poitiers, between the River Vienne and the Chain, the upland south of Chatellerault. The gravest moment of peril was for that generation whose grandfathers could remember the order of Charlemagne, and which fought its way desperately through the perils of the later ninth century.

Then it was, during the great Scandinavian harrying of the North and West, that Europe might have gone down. Its monastic establishment was shaken; its relics of central government were perishing of themselves; letters had sunk to nothing and building had already about it something nearly savage, when the swirl of the pirates came up all its rivers. And though legend had taken the place of true history, and though the memories of our race were confused almost to dreaming, we were conscious of our past and of our inheritance, and seemed to feel that now we had come to a narrow bridge which might or might not be crossed: a bridge already nearly ruined.

If that bridge were not crossed there would be no future for Christendom.

Southern Britain and Northern Gaul received the challenge, met it, were victorious, and so permitted the survival of all the things we know. At Ethandune and before Paris the double business was decided. Of these twin victories the first was accomplished in this island.

Alfred is its hero, and its site is that chalk upland, above the Vale of Trowbridge, near which the second of the two white horses is carved: the hills above Eddington and Bratton upon the Westbury road.

The Easter of 878 had seen no King in England. Alfred was hiding with some small band in the marshes that lie south of Mendip against the Severn sea. It was one of those eclipses which time and again in the history of Christian warfare have just preceded the actions by which Christendom has re-arisen. In Whitsun week Alfred reappeared.

There is a place at the southern terminal of the great wood, Selwood, which bears a Celtic affix, and is called "Penselwood," "the head of the forest," and near it there stood (not to within living memory, but nearly so) a shire-stone called Egbert's Stone; there Wiltshire, Somerset, and Dorset meet. It is just eastward of the gap by which men come by the south round Selwood into the open country. There the levies, that is the lords of Somerset and of Wiltshire and their followers, some also riding from Hampshire, met the King. But many had fled over sea from fear of the Pagans.

"And seeing the King, as was meet, come to life again as it were after such tribulations, and receiving him, they were filled with an immense joy, and there the camp was pitched."

Next day the host set out eastward to try its last adventure with the barbarians who had ruined half the West.

Day was just breaking when the levies set forth and made for the uplands and for the water partings. Not by mere and the marshes of the valley, but by the great camp of White Sheet and the higher land beyond it, the line of marching and mounted men followed the King across the open turf of the chalk to where three hundreds meet, and where the gathering of the people for justice and the courts of the Counts had been held before the disasters of that time had broken up the land.

It was a spot bare of houses, but famous for a tree which marked the junction of the Hundreds. No more than three hundred years ago this tree still stood and bore the name of the Iley Oak. The place of that day's camp stands up above the water of Deveril, and is upon the continuation of that Roman road from Sarum to the Mendips and to the sea, which is lost so suddenly and unaccountably upon its issue from the great Ridge wood. The army had marched ten miles, and there the second camp was pitched.

With the next dawn the advance upon the Danes was made.

The whole of that way (which should be famous in every household of this country) is now deserted and unknown. The host passed over the high rolling land of the Downs from summit to summit until—from that central crest which stands above and to the east of Westbury—they saw before them, directly northward and a mile away, the ring of earthwork which is called to-day "Bratton Castle." Upon the slope between the great host of the pirates came out to battle. It was there, from those naked heights that overlook the

great plain of the Northern Avon, that the fate of England was decided.

The end of that day's march and action was the pressing of the Pagans back behind their earthworks, and the men who had saved our great society sat down before the ringed embankment watching all the gates of it, killing all the stragglers that had failed to reach that protection and rounding up the stray horses and the cattle of the Pagans.

That siege endured for fourteen days. At the end of it the Northmen treated, conquered "by hunger, by cold, and by fear." Alfred took hostages "as many as he willed." Guthrum, their King, accepted our baptism, and Britain took that upward road which Gaul seven years later was to follow when the same anarchy was broken by Eudes under the walls of Paris.

All this great affair we have doubtfully followed to-day in no more than some three hundred words of Latin, come down doubtfully over a thousand years. But the thing happened where and as I have said. It should be as memorable as those great battles in which the victories of the Republic established our exalted but perilous modern day.

### The Classic Point of View\*

THE stream of books upon the art of painting pours forth in amazing flood. There must be a public for it; yet one wonders what kind of public. The concept of the whole significance of the arts held by the critics is so shallow, rooted in academism, that the art-lover and the student stand perplexed—and, by consequence, are ready to surrender their innate sense of art to every wind that blows. The potential artist, as in all past phases of disaster to the arts, only too often instead of brushing aside all these academic outpourings of professors, panders to them—or to as much as he can reconcile, and proceeds to mimicry of dead painters. The public, that is at all interested in the arts, blinks bewildered; then, from sheer despair, tries to follow some writer more resolute in his dogmas than the others; sets up his academisms upon the altars of its faith, and Art withers, buried under a mountain of blatant theories. The public reads about art instead of trying to understand the art itself.

When there comes to one's hand a volume by a famous American teacher of painting, himself a painter, some of our languor departs; we at least rouse sufficiently to read it through. The book is pleasantly turned out, but for the slovenly publishing of the plates without reference to their letterpress. And here we have the gospel of a man of sufficient importance across the Atlantic to be called to Chicago audiences to the solemn delivery of it. Such a book may mean salvation or damnation to American painting for generations—it is declared by Mr. Cox to be the "Explicit confession of his artistic faith."

\* *The Classic Point of View: A Critical Study of Paintings.* By KENYON COX. (Werner Laurie. 6s. net.)

Mr. Kenyon Cox is a sincere man, who has given the best years of his life to painting and the teaching of painting. On flipping through the leaves, one alights upon promising pages—the discovery that Mr. Berenson's much vaunted writings upon art are futile, and the like. But as one reads the book from the beginning, one begins to understand why the American art schools are even more barren of great art than our own. He says, in apology for whatever limitations he may betray, that we moderns are all lamentably ill-educated in art—the pathetic fact, however, is that we are grossly over-educated about the art of the dead, that we are trained with prodigious labour to mimic the dead instead of uttering ourselves. And it is pitiful to think that America, as in this instance, may be going to the death in art of a false culture instead of a virile endeavour to express herself. This blight is writ large over these pages. Mr. Cox says many wise and true things that others have said—so does nearly every man who writes upon art—but they are so closely interwoven with so much that is utterly false, that it were dangerous to admit even his wisdom. It is by his basic conception of art that we must judge him; on that all else depends.

Mr. Cox looks upon modern art as a wretched jumble; now it so happens that every age has so looked upon the creation of its masters, who are now reverenced by us. But let us glance at his concept of what is the basic significance of art.

Mr. Cox appeals for the Classic Spirit. The trouble with the professors is that when they speak of the Classic Spirit they vaguely but furtively try to annex all that is good in art—they would seize all the virtues, all great fulfilment. But your honest ordinary man has no such sophistries; he means a definite thing. He has been told to weariness that there are certain laws of art called *Aesthetics*—that these aesthetics have set up a cast-iron code that Art is Beauty, and must do this or that and must not do that or the other thing. That these aesthetics are the veriest trash is quite true; but what they are we know full well—the other name for them is the Classic Spirit. And, when all's said, it is futile to have the Classic Spirit defined as a different thing by every man. But Mr. Cox would add certain limitations even to the Classic Spirit, which, poor dullard as it may be, it does not deserve. After all, when the classics were being created they were "novel," they were "effective"—it is only the sham Classic Spirit, the mimicry of them that is not so. The fatal thing about the Classic Spirit (and the trouble) is that the genius of the people that created them is dead and departed; and the mimicry of them is a mere sham. Tradition is a good thing, but it is not the All. Everything is rooted in, and born out of tradition, whether we will it so or deny it—to an extent. If our fathers had not been born, we could not have been here. But that is no reason why our vision should be limited to our fathers' vision, or that our fathers' vision was more vital than ours.

Mr. Kenyon Cox clearly mistakes Art to be Truth and Beauty; it happens to be no such thing, but a far more profound thing, an active thing that embraces both these things and myriads of other things quite as important,

just as it embraces Ugliness and horrible and awful things. Again, it has just as much to do with "the violence of earthquake or of storm" as with the "orderly succession of the hours and seasons." Shakespeare's plays and the Bible are as great works of art as the works of Raphael, surely! Art has just as much to do with ignoble and horrible things as with "noble and lovely" things; and, what is more, it is its absolute right, nay its absolute duty, to show hideous things to be hideous, and noble things to be noble—the one as much as the other. And what is still more, some of the supreme art of classic times has so shown such things. "Edipus Tyrannus" is one of the greatest works of the Greek genius, but it covers no single qualification of the classical essentials laid down by Mr. Kenyon Cox; nay, is not the frontispiece of the superb "Sower," in this very book, a work painted by Millet when he broke from the classic falsity and came to grips with life, with the spirit of his age and race, and created the essential significance of Western art, character? Millet gives his whole strength to action, to those very qualities that offend the classic spirit. He gave himself to uttering the mood of the thing seen, to eliminating all else, beauty and the rest. It was exactly when Millet shed tradition and "the classic point of view" from him, and by consequence well nigh starved under the contempt of the academics, that he realised the significance of all that is vital in art. Mr. Kenyon Cox trying to explain away Rembrandt is quite funny, nearly as funny as when he tries to rid the Classic Spirit of the barren art of David. Now David was a very master of the falsity of the Classic Spirit—and the most chill art since David has been the dogged essay into this falsity; but it also happens that the falsity produced fine craftsmen like Ingres, though they had scant instinct for what is significant and vital in Art. He who would claim Giorgione and Titian as working in the Classic Spirit might just as well annex Hals and Velazquez and Manet; and be done with it. He who holds that when the French Revolution broke, and England alone had any vestige of the art of painting left (because Lawrence and Constable were the only painters left!), must be a quaint guide for American students, considering that one of the supreme masters of all time was painting—that Turner's genius topped the whole achievement of his age, as Constable himself bore witness! It is astounding to find a teacher in America to-day of so scant a conception of art that he holds the strange ignorance of American students of thirty years ago as a gospel, and over-rates the Barbizon men, to the neglect of a man of genius such as the men of the romantic movement of France never approached.

The strange part of the fantastic endeavour to teach art is that it always ends in mistaking craftsmanship for art; the result is the glorification of academism, of mimicry of the voices of the dead—the which is ever death to art. The obvious fact is that the professors have no clear concept of the basic intention of art—they mistake it for a vast heap of tradition and dogma. So art passes them by, being as simple an activity as it is prodigious—of such vast power and range that it knows

no laws nor limitations except life. The professors cannot realise that the classic spirit in its own age created its own utterance in consummate fashion—a fashion that can never be surpassed by mimicry—and created it once for all. To mimic it to-day is not only sheer pedantry, but an utter falsity; and at best can produce such abortions as Mr. Kenyon Cox largely admires, like the "decoration" of Mr. Blashfield's "Washington laying down his Commission," illustrated in this volume, wherein the baffled Washington lays down something at the feet of a lady in a breastplate, seated with a sword on a slab of marble in which the Latin word *Patria* stands engraved for the vulgar word "Country," another lady carrying a cornucopia, other pretty creatures doing something else, and the critics mistaking it for "decoration" and the Classic Spirit because there are laurels tied with ribbons, a renaissance column or so, and everyone is posing in a godlike attitude of profound boredom which depresses poor Washington.

It is pathetic to read that modern art has created "great talents but few masters," whilst the past produced "an assured abundance of masters of supreme genius," when we remember that modern art has produced stupendous genius from Turner and Manet onwards. The age of Rembrandt and Vermeer and Hals no more appreciated its genius than Mr. Cox appreciates vital art to-day—it hankered, like him, after bastard art, and probably called it the Classic Spirit. His age called Shakespeare a Shake-scenes. Mr. Cox vows that the record of modern artists shows so often failure and despair, but what of the long ghastly tragedy of the Dutch genius? Mr. Cox mistakes the whole significance of the Pre-Raphaelite painters; and sees nothing in the superb development of modern art towards Orchestral Impressionism but the rudderless drifting of all art! He discovers that the "gallery-picture" created blood and horror as subjects—he must have missed the whole achievement of Renaissance Italy, which reeks with blood; and the drama of Greece, which is steeped in blood and horrors. To mistake false impressionism, which calls itself by the fatuous name of Post-Impressionism, as having any relation to Impressionism is to wallow in bewilderment.

One fact Mr. Cox has grasped firmly, that art is not science. But to deny emotion and individuality to art is to blot out all value from the discovery of this one firmly grasped fact. By emotion and individuality Art alone can be—by and through these, its essentials, can Art alone be born and utter itself. His definition of painting is about the worst that has ever been penned—and would cover vile art. I hold with Mr. Cox that America will create a stupendous art, but not if she listen to Mr. Cox or ape the Classic Spirit. Of course, all that Mr. Cox approves is "sane." Every madman accounts himself the only sane man; and in every madhouse walks at least one man who believes himself to be God.

Mr. Cox holds American art to be the best in the world to-day. That is an ugly stab for the rest of the world. Good; then let him name a finer decorative painter than Brangwyn, or a greater master than Steinlen; nay, let him give us a hint that America even realises the genius

of these men. He holds quite properly that a noble subject should be nobly treated ; but he fails to realise that the essence of art is also to show an ignoble thing ignoble. He gives no hint that he knows who are the greatest artists, nor why great. He mistakes vitality for decadence, and decadence for vitality. And the most fatuous blunder of all, he judges eighteenth-century French art and modern art by Italian art ; in other words, he does not ask Watteau and Boucher to utter eighteenth-century France, but blames them for not being Renaissance Italians ! Precisely. That is the Classic Spirit ; and that is why the Classic Spirit is become an Eternal Lie, and its breath is Death.

HALDANE MACFALL.

## REVIEWS

### The Psychology of the American People

*The American People: A Study in National Psychology. The Harvesting of a Nation.—II.* By A. MAURICE LOW, M.A. (T. Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.) *Village Life in America (1852-1872). Including the Period of the American Civil War as told in the Diary of a Schoolgirl.* By CAROLINE COWLES RICHARDS. With an Introduction by MARGARET E. SANGSTER. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.)

IN the former of these two books, Mr. Low, the Washington correspondent of the *Morning Post*, has given us the second volume of an exhaustive study of the Psychology of the American People. The first, published a couple of years or so ago with the subtitle, "The Planting of a Nation," purported to trace the effects on the American character of causes prior to the Revolution ; the volume before us takes up the tale and continues it to the present day.

Mr. Low's purpose has been "not to write a history of the American people, but to trace their psychology through historical development" ; and to the student of men and manners there is nothing more fascinating than history treated in this way. Mere facts, as such, are nothing to him ; it is the causes that made them not only possible but inevitable, and the effect that they had on the subsequent development of the nation, that make them vital, and that breathe into the dry bones of history the breath of life. Anyone who interprets history to us along these lines is sure of a hearing ; and when an author brings to his task, as in the present case, the most thorough knowledge of his subject, keen powers of observation, and an unerring sense of the relation of cause to effect, we feel that we have not listened in vain.

Mr. Low seems to have fallen foul of the American reviewers of his first volume. They objected to his insistence on the influence of the English, almost to the total exclusion of any other nation, in the formation of their national character and institutions. This was only to be expected ; but in his new preface Mr. Low

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This human document is the intimate confession of a man who cannot ease his soul of its burden of sin and remorse by openly denouncing himself, because it would involve the woman he loves in an unpleasant notoriety ; he therefore anonymously, and through the medium of the printed page, tells the tale of his black treachery, and pours out all his grief and agony, his love and longing. It was in the vast solitudes of the far North, the realm of the White Gods, whither he had gone to wrest a fortune from the unwilling soil to lay at the feet of his beloved, that this tragedy of a soul took place.

### FIRST REVIEW:—

"This is a volume, written in very beautiful English, containing the confession of failure of a man who loved a girl in southern lands, but on travelling to northern regions was influenced by the White Gods and forced to marry a northern maid. The pages brim over with life-long regret of one who, seeking to touch the stars, fell back into the depths abysmal. A dainty volume by a dreamer and a poet."—*Freeman's Journal*.

WERNER LAURIE, Clifford's Inn, LONDON

stands manfully to his guns, and, beyond pleading guilty to having employed the term "English" when "British" would perhaps have been more comprehensive, declines to budge an inch from his original position. It may therefore be assumed that this second instalment has met with a reception in the United States somewhat similar to that of the first.

Following the Revolution there were four great causes which, in their various and complex phases, affected America from the beginning to the close of the nineteenth century. The first of these was hatred of England. The Americans had humbled the strongest armed power of Europe ; their embattled farmers had beaten off veteran troops trained in all the complicated science of war ; they had successfully asserted their independence, and had created their own political system ; but the struggle left as a legacy a bitter hatred of their beaten foe, as though they knew that he "still could sting" if he chose to exert himself.

It coloured men's thoughts ; it created a false impression in the mind of the child ; it embittered the relations between America and England ; it kept alive resentment on the part of Americans, and was met by studied contempt and insolence on the part of Englishmen ; it made Americans and Englishmen understand each other less, perhaps, than any other people ; it distorted American perspective.

Worst of all, perhaps, it forced many Loyalists, who would have become valuable citizens, into exile, and

so deprived the emancipated colonies of a large, wealthy, and influential element of the people.

The second cause was the contempt for law which gradually came to be held by a people originally law-abiding. In an interesting chapter Mr. Low looks for the reason for this contempt "not in the events of to-day or yesterday, but at the beginning of the nation." The adoption of the Constitution coincided with the rebellion of the Americans against the tyranny and cruelty of law and church, relics of Puritan times; then it was that the foundation for the careless observance of law that has given America such an unenviable reputation was laid. In the first flush of independence the American applied to himself the doctrine that had impelled his country to throw off the yoke of Great Britain. Government by force was wrong. He himself was the master of his body, mind, and soul; they were his own, to use as he saw fit; and, pushing this theory of individualism to the uttermost limit, he inevitably forgot the duty that he owed to the community. This belief in individualism was further strengthened by the Constitution, which created a legislative assembly in every State, and so "taught men to look, not to a central authority to regulate society or ameliorate conditions, but to rely on local authority." The other doctrine that has so powerfully animated the American people, that of the equality of all men, leaves little room for the reverence with which all European nations have, at one time or another, regarded their law-makers and their law. The divine right of kings may be a worn-out fragment in this twentieth century, but if it has done nothing else than inculcate a fear and reverence for the law, it has served its turn.

The remaining two factors in the formation of the national character which Mr. Low deals with in detail, are the sociological and political influence exercised by the immigrant, and the economic, social, and political impulsion of slavery.

The effect of immigration is either to submerge or to stimulate the native stock; either the native stock will be absorbed and lose its identity in that of the alien, or, conversely, the immigrant will become incorporated into the native stock.

From about the year 1643 until the first quarter of the nineteenth century there was practically no immigration to America, and the original New England settlers with their descendants formed what Mr. Low calls the "native stock." The effect of immigration on this stock has been to stimulate and not to submerge it. The vast majority of immigrants have been men and women who have failed, not necessarily from any fault of their own, to support themselves and their families in their native countries; on arriving in the new land they have been content to take any work that offered, and consequently they came to monopolise the lower forms of manual labour, which the native-born American was only too glad to resign. As more immigrants arrived, the American and the earlier immigrant became pushed up to more intellectual and more lucrative employments, the immigrant gradually losing his old characteristics

and becoming as American as the native-born. For the last eighty years the movement has been steadily going on; and herein lies the secret of much of the sharpness of the American, as well as of much of his arrogance. Living in a continual state of having his heels trodden on by the fellow behind, the instinct of self-preservation has compelled him to exert himself to the uttermost,—as often as not with a ruthless disregard for those with whom he competes; and, until comparatively recently, when European travel has become the rule and not the exception, he has naturally felt himself the superior of the foreigner, whom he has only known by those who have sought a refuge from oppression on his shores, or those others who have gone there to better their condition.

Mr. Low's chapters on Slavery and the resultant Civil War should be carefully read. The Americans have already paid a heavy price for the crime of their fathers against humanity, but the "colour problem" is still with them, and it is hard to say whether that price has yet been paid in full.

So far as we remember there was no indication that the first volume would be followed by a second, and there is none now that the present will be followed by a third. We hope, however, that this will be the case; for Mr. Low must have much to tell us on education, the religious life of the country, public and private morality, the Labour question, the attitude of the American towards Canada, and many other important topics which he has scarcely touched on as yet. Another volume on the subject which he has made so eminently his own, would, we are sure, meet with a hearty welcome, at any rate on this side of the Atlantic.

The Diary of Miss Richards, which we have bracketted with Mr. Low's work, is an unaffected picture of life in half-a-dozen New England villages, begun when the writer was ten years old, in 1852. Miss Richards was an observant little girl and passed her youth in rural surroundings untainted by the rush for the Almighty Dollar; her book will be found interesting and amusing by the general reader, besides having a very distinct historical value. The reviewer has had many a laugh over the quaint sayings and doings of Caroline and her sister Anna, and cheerfully recommends the book to all who occasionally suffer with that variety of the blues which modern "light summer reading" is unable to disperse.

### Desert Life

*Trekking the Great Thirst: Travel and Sport in the Kalahari Desert.* By ARNOLD W. HODSON, F.R.G.S. Edited by A. E. NELLEN. With an Introductory Note by SIR RALPH WILLIAMS, K.C.M.G., and a Foreword by F. C. Selous. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE Kalahari Desert is clearly marked on any general map of South Africa as a substantial portion of the Bechuanaland Protectorate which separates German South-West Africa from Rhodesia and the Transvaal.

The greater part of it has never been explored. The object of this book is to record the experiences of certain officers who between 1904 and 1910 made long journeys through it, partly on duty, partly for sport. After a brief career, somewhat chequered at first, Lieutenant Arnold Hodson received a commission as sub-inspector in the Bechuanaland Protectorate Police, and was in 1904 deputed into the Kalahari to collect hut-tax for the Government. He obtained nearly £819 at a cost of £39, receiving part payment in skins in lieu of cash. In 1905 he was sent on a diplomatic mission to the border of Damaraland, where the Germans were then engaged in fighting the Damaras and Hottentots, to inquire into the incriminating tactics of Damara refugees. His duty was to ascertain whether arms and ammunition were being run into Damaraland from our side for the use of the Damaras; if so, he was to stop it, and to disarm any of the Damaras or Hottentots who had crossed over the border into our territory. Another time he was sent to check all intercourse between English and German territory. His routes can easily be followed on the maps included in the volume, though they are unpretentious and roughly executed. In 1910 he accompanied Lord Selborne, then High Commissioner, on a hunting trip for 400 miles, and to his great credit arranged the transport without the loss of a single beast.

The book is worth reading for several reasons. It shows how a young English officer of the right sort, gifted with courage and grit, carried out arduous duties in an unknown country, often alone with his native attendants, and in difficult situations with possibilities of hostilities. The management of natives, as many officers have learnt by experience in India, requires firmness, tact, justice, good temper, to mention only some of the most important qualifications. All these Mr. Hodson showed that he possessed. He had always to be considering the question of water supply for himself, his men, and his animals. There were "pans," "pits," and other sources on which he could often rely for a scanty supply, but on certain occasions the quantity available ran short, or was so impregnated with salt as to be dangerous. Terrible stories are told of the fatal consequences to men and bullocks drinking too much salt water before they were gradually acclimatised to it. In the absence of water, Nature provides a substitute in the shape of melons, both cultivated and wild, upon which the natives and animals thrive. The juice of the fruit can be extracted, and used to make tea or coffee. If tinned provisions fail, a fairly good shot can easily fill his larder from the game of all sorts, mammals and birds, with which the country teems. The catalogue of different varieties of game shot, chiefly quadrupeds, contains thirty names; the wealth of bird life is described as "a spectacle of unrivalled charm." In places tigers were found; elsewhere lions abounded; snakes were often met with, among them a very poisonous species, called *mambas*. Familiarity breeds contempt, as the author shows on one occasion:

The leading Bushman nearly trod on a snake. He was not in the least perturbed, but at once broke its

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back with a stick he was carrying, and then stuck the pointed end of it through its head. After having done this, he carefully wiped the stick and we proceeded.

There was also the ever possible danger of losing the way, whether in the course of marching or in the ardour of the chase:

Some people say that Bushmen never get lost, and that they have an extra sense which will take them back to their homes wherever they are. I disagree with this theory. In his own district it is true that a Bushman will not get lost in the daytime or on a clear night, but out of his own district in a strange country or even in his own district on a dark night, when the stars are clouded over, he will get lost like any ordinary mortal.

Nor were the rivers safe, infested as they are with crocodiles:

When a crocodile is swimming in a river you do not see his whole body but only the eyes. It always reminds me of a bulrush bulb. Some people say that crocodiles will attack a boat and drag a person from it, but my own experience has been that they are intensely nervous, and especially so when they are out of the water. But they are dangerous to man and beast when there is no noise. For instance, if a man were washing himself at the river bank, or fishing from a small island, then a crocodile would

very likely try and stalk him, and if swimming by himself in deep water he could undoubtedly be immediately seized.

The stories of sport are innumerable. Mr. Hodson killed at first shot an angry lion approaching him. Another time a lioness charged him while riding :

I fired, and she was then on top of me. She did not spring at first, but came flat along the ground and then rose up as quick as lightning. She put her left claw under the pony's neck and seized his right shoulder with it. With her right claw she tore a piece out of my legging and then caught the pony by the right shoulder while she mauled him on the same shoulder with her teeth.

He fired again, dismounted, and killed her.

The incidents of desert life and sport are novel and interesting—the science of stalking, crawling flat, happiness in solitude, the mosquitos, the sounds at night, the intense heat, native sympathy, native dances and amusements, their varying characters, the tragic deaths of individual travellers, occasional meetings with explorers, the density of some forests—above all, the mystery of the vast sandy wastes, and the charm of beauty when the eye "could see nothing beyond the mysterious atmospheric limit of the scene—see the wondrous play of light, the dancing shimmer of the silver-crowned papyrus, the lustrous gleams of green and gold on the marsh reeds, the rich depth of the nearer shadows, and the perfect blending of all this riotous colouring into the pale blues and pearly greys of distance." This is a genuine book of enterprise and sport, which both old and young may study with profit and pleasure.

### Fairies

*English Fairy Poetry from the Origins to the Seventeenth Century.* By FLORIS DELATTRE. (Henry Frowde. 4s. net.)

THAT a French writer should deal with such a topic as fairies strikes us as being extremely fitting. Surely the lightness of the Gallic touch is more eminently suited to so dainty a subject than our heavy-handed English methods. Moreover, we would have our readers understand that this book is not a translation, so that the writing of it in such very good English becomes something of a feat. The learning displayed in it is both comprehensive and thorough, but it is carried with such ease and modesty that the work is always a delight and never a burden. In many places it shows original research in quoting from manuscripts and rare books and pamphlets; yet anything freer from the mustiness usually associated with such things it would be difficult to imagine. It is all as fresh as a Spring morning, and as full of romance as a midsummer night. No lover of fairy lore or of poetry can afford to miss it.

Few studies are more fascinating to the person with imagination than folklore. The particular branch of this which M. Delattre has chosen is of quintessential

sweetness, combining as it does the charm of poetry with the wealth of rustic and popular fancies. The kingdom of Faerie, we learn, like many another kingdom, has had its rise, decline, and fall. It had its rise in the ancient epic, "Beowulf," supposed to belong to the now unimaginable Seventh Century. The popular ballads of perhaps even earlier times were also "fulfuld of fayerye." In both "Tamlane" and "The Elfin Knight" the fairies find their realm, while, with the translation of the French Romances by Chaucer and others, they danced their way into our English poetry in exceeding great numbers. What a catalogue of them there is—elves, brownies, nixies, kobolds, dwarfs, trolls, fairies, Pucks, pixies, Lepra-cauns, and fays! These last are a more serious race, of larger proportions, reminding one of "La Belle Dame sans Merci." They, rather than the dainty "little people," haunt the Arthurian Romances.

But it was in the "spacious times of great Elizabeth" that they all found full scope. To the imagination of the Tudor genius they appealed as being fit material for his exuberant powers. Thus the godlike race of poets and dramatists of those days was busy in describing and setting forth their antics. In spite of its title, "The Faerie Queene" was rather too much of a "morality" to belong to the true realm of Faerie. The full glory of this kingdom was reached and portrayed in, of course, the "Midsummer Night's Dream." From thence onward the "little people" lost something of their airy grace and mystery, and became mere poetical accessories, sometimes descending into buffoonery, at other times stiffening into artificiality. The decline began practically with "rare" Ben Jonson, and it is not difficult to imagine that under the weight of a dour Puritanism these delicate creatures were gradually crushed out of existence. Nor was the atmosphere of the Restoration much more congenial to them; while the frigid cold of the Eighteenth Century withered them like tender flowers.

The book closes on a sufficiently melancholy note. The fairies have gone for ever from our English poetry, says our author, a sorry reflection for those of us who have a real affection for them. M. Delattre writes :—

But the true spirit of fairy poetry, that simple, spontaneous, unsophisticated faith of yore, has gone for ever, and is now replaced by a half-archaic, half-symbolical literature where the merry domain of Oberon has been exalted into :

The still strange land unvexed of sun and stars

Where Launcelot rides clanking through the haze.

The comparatively recent productions of such writers as Thomas Hood and George Darley, William Allingham, and "Fiona Macleod," who have endeavoured to raise from the dead the fairy people and restore them to their lost kingdom, do not amount, pleasant as they generally are, to much more than polished epithets and patiently gilded phrases.

We live, alas! in the age of the aeroplane; but there are ways of escape, and M. Delattre's book is one of them.

## The Faith and Evolution

*Through Evolution to the Living God.* By the Rev. J. R. COHU. (James Parker and Co., Oxford. 3s. 6d. net.)

WE are glad to welcome another book from Mr. Cohu, who is now well known as the author of several valuable works on Modernism and the Higher Criticism. In this very interesting treatise his main purpose, he says, has been "to recover a Faith which science had shattered, and science itself has helped not a little to lead through Evolution to Evolution's God." By "shattered" we suppose he means "shaken"—"the troubled and perplexed." Mr. Cohu begins by giving a summary of Haeckel's case for evolution, independent of any God-Creator, or of any "psychical" element. But many modern philosophers recognise psychological process, and in the chapter on Directivity of Consciousness (one of the best in the book) the author ably discusses the negative postulate that "neither matter, motion, nor force can direct themselves." "The creative, self-directing consciousness within the organism is the result of the force or power which is called God. Considered psychologically, there is nothing in the theory of evolution which can in itself contradict belief in the existence of God, and positively the inference of God from evolution is quite compatible with pure reason. This is, in effect, the position which Mr. Cohu so well sustains. Haeckel's monism and the postulates "eternity of matter" and "eternity of motion" are quite as difficult for finite reason to accept as the existence and eternity of God. This position is further expanded in the chapters on the Intelligence, Will, and Power (directive force) in and behind what we call Nature: and it is argued that evolution throws no light on the origin of matter, life, and mind. Mr. Cohu's method is excellently clear. Nor is there any confused obscurity of language. Theologians will probably find most difficulty in following his discussion of the problems of good and evil and of God as the source of both. We incline to the belief that the origin of evil is to be found mainly in the struggle for existence, and that the growth of moral law is simply due to self-protective instinct. But moral evolution leads to the recognition of altruistic love and self-sacrifice. To say, as Huxley, that "the cosmic process has no sort of relation to moral ends" is to deny the psychological development of good. That men are called upon to work with God for this end, the establishment of His Kingdom on earth, Mr. Cohu describes as the Gospel of Evolution.

One flaw in Haeckel's philosophy seems not to have been noticed, when he says that his view of the evolution of the Universe "follows the laws of inexorable logic." But formal and inexorable logic is the deadly foe of scientific inquiry and progress, for it bars the freedom of scientific research, condemns the lack of fixity in all existing systems of science; and in practice has made science in the past claim infallibility, and show an unscientific and intolerant dogmatism. When Haeckel said that his theory of the universe was "at

least based on facts," he forgot that his judgments about the unity of the universe were of a highly selective character, and that in this sense every "fact" is man-made. The monist will not allow that his "unity" is after all only a very small part of the whole of reality. Mr. Cohu's course lies between Haeckel's materialism and the metaphysical philosophy of the ultra-idealistic. He is gifted with a penetrating insight united to clear expression, and his thoughtful work may claim the merit of facing difficult problems with honest courage in the effort to establish the Immanence of God.

## Shorter Reviews

*In an Indian Village.* By T. RAMAKRISHNA, B.A. With an Introduction by the RIGHT HON. SIR M. E. GRANT-DUFF, G.C.S.I. Portrait Frontispiece. (T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

MUCH has been written of the village life led by ninety per cent. of the population of India. But the story will bear repetition as a change from the unrest among the educated classes of which there has been an excess. Mr. Ramakrishna's account is perhaps too idyllic and peaceful—he is "a most amiable critic"—though one of his powerful characters was a quarrelsome fellow, and there are indications that the village harmony was liable to disturbance. In other parts of India, if not in Madras of which the author writes, there is faction-fighting, *dala-dali* in the vernacular, in every village, upon which Mr. Ramakrishna might properly have dilated as a prominent feature of village life. He has plenty to say on the village officials, from the headmen to the professional dancing-girls and the pariahs; and he has rightly included the popular amusements, such as the snake-charmers and the animal-tamers, the village drama, the feasts and the festivals, the village bards, a religious association and its doings. These villages fairly represent the land of the lotus, where it is always afternoon. To the villagers time is no object. To the peasant his crops and his cattle are his only cares, unless he is involved in debt to the money-lender or in a lawsuit.

Mr. Ramakrishna brings out the chief interests of these humble folk. They attach extreme importance to their religion, including their superstitions: the Hindu's pervading idea is how to get rid of future births and obtain eternal beatitude. For religious purposes, as well as for drinking, the villages must secure facilities for their water-supply. The author also notes that the mutual service system is carried by the villagers to perfection and practised with success, and that each village is a self-contained little State. He twice quotes Professor Max Muller's observation that "the village is the ordinary Hindu's world, and the sphere of public opinion with its beneficial influences seldom extends beyond the horizon of his village." No wonder that extreme Conservatism prevails. Since he first wrote in 1890 the agricultural banks, which he advocated, have

come into existence in the Co-operative Credit Societies which are proving so successful. Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, in his Introduction, wrote of the people that "no good can be effected for them, but only much harm, by introducing European methods of government, foreign alike to their characters and conditions." It is not strange that the villagers hate not only the village money-lender and the pettifogging lawyer, but especially the policeman, the embodiment of British rule in its least attractive form.

*Wanderings in Arabia.* By CHARLES M. DOUGHTY. Two Vols., with Frontispiece and Map. (Duckworth and Co. 5s. net each.)

THESE two interesting volumes form the latest additions to that popular series of works of repute, "Duckworth's 'Crown' Library." They are an abridgment, arranged by Mr. Edward Garnett, of the author's famous *magnum opus*, "Travels in Arabia Deserta," a costly monumental volume of over a thousand pages, which issued from the Cambridge Press some twenty years ago, and is now well-nigh un procurable. Only a limited few, under the circumstances, those "who feel enthusiasm for Arab things," were privileged to peruse it, but now that it is re-issued in this handy form the new generation which has sprung up since those days should not fail to avail themselves of the opportunity offered of making the acquaintance of this wonderful record of remarkable and stirring adventures in a strange and hostile region. It has been well termed the "Georgic of the Desert," and deservedly ranks as a classic among the great travel books in our literature. It was in November, 1876, that the author started on his many long months of wanderings in the deserts of Arabia, the "Lion's Den of Islam," but his account of them is written in such stately Elizabethan English that one might easily imagine one were reading of the adventures of some daring explorer of those spacious days. Mr. Garnett made this abridgment with the author's sanction a few years ago, and he is to be congratulated on the excellent manner in which he has performed the difficult task of abridging a work of this nature to three-fifths of its original length. We think that the view of the Kella at Medain Salih, given as a frontispiece to the second volume, should have appeared in the first, wherein the place is described, and which is unillustrated. There is a sketch map of part of north-western Arabia by the author, showing the region he traversed, which is valuable in elucidating many of the obscure questions of Arabian geography.

*Waves and Ripples in Water, Air, and Æther.* By J. A. FLEMING, F.R.S. Second Edition. (S.P.C.K. 2s. 6d. net.)

MODERN views of the constitution of matter have caused us to attach much greater importance to the various forms of motion than was the case even so recently as 1902, when Professor Fleming's lectures first appeared in print. The practical bearing of such researches is very obvious, especially to those who have

followed the progress of electric lighting and wireless telegraphy. When we reflect that about 98 per cent. of the energy employed in electric lighting is wasted so far as the production of light is concerned, and that the case is even worse with wireless telegraphy, it is clear that man has yet much to do to bring the forces of nature under his effective control. The author of the work before us has the faculty, not always associated with scientific knowledge, of being able to explain complicated facts in simple language. Those who were unable to hear the lectures at the Royal Institution will be glad to have a revised edition of them in print. The revision, however, has not brought all the facts up to date. No mention is made, for instance, of the great experimental tank, for testing models of ships, at the National Physical Laboratory, although other private testing-tanks in this country are referred to in detail. Radio-active phenomena, also, are not brought up to date, and there will be room for many additions to this section in future editions.

*Sport in the Eastern Sudan, from Souakin to the Blue Nile.* By W. B. COTTON, I.C.S. With Map. (Rowland Ward. 6s. 6d. net.)

AFRICAN shooting always makes interesting reading by reason of the great variety of game to be met with. Mr. Cotton gives us in an unpretentious form his experiences during a nine months' trip in the Egyptian Sudan. He appears to have followed closely in the footsteps of Sir Samuel Baker in his journey to the Nile tributaries of Abyssinia, in 1861, though the country has altered greatly since that day. The native population has woefully diminished owing to the ravages they suffered under the Mahdi's rule after the fall of Khartoum in 1885, but the game also appears to be less numerous. Mr. Cotton makes no mention of the Homran Arabs and those splendid hunters who slew elephants, in fair fight, with nothing but their swords. Have they too been wiped out by the Mahdi? Mr. Cotton's chief game were lions, which he got by sitting up at night over a bait. The Sudanese lion is apparently not a fighting animal. There are many useful hints to future sportsmen, and the book contains a good map of the country traversed.

## Fiction

*The Temptation of Nina.* By R. PENLEY. (John Long. 6s.)

JUDGING from the title of Mr. Penley's previous book and taking into account the last few words of the present volume, it is almost safe to predict that the author, following the example of the late Mr. Crawford and other writers, has in his mind to make a triolet of his works. We did not read "The Strength of Evan Meredith," but Eleanor, Evan's wife, is one of the principal characters in "The Temptation of Nina," and forms a great contrast to Nina, a charming young woman with a warm heart and a shady reputation. How

Nina allows herself to be wooed and won by Leonard Jarvis, who believes that she had always been as good a woman as Eleanor herself, is the temptation to which she in her weakness gives way. As is inevitable, remorse overtakes her, and the arrival on the scene of an old acquaintance forces matters to a crisis. Owing to the plucky intervention of Eleanor, however, a further crime is averted, and peace is once more restored.

Mr. Penley's sympathies are certainly very much with his female characters, for although each man is presented clearly enough to enable us to know him sufficiently for the purpose of the story, it is the women to whom the greater thought and care is extended. Eleanor as the carefully brought-up girl with a high moral instinct and the happy wife and mother stands out clearly against poor Nina, who, with no one to care for her or advise her in her youthful days, fell an easy prey to the first unscrupulous person who came along, although had the lives of the two women been reversed we cannot imagine that Eleanor would ever have been satisfied to hold any but an honourable position, so admirable and high-spirited a character is she. A little more care given to the punctuation would not be amiss, but the story makes very pleasant reading, and we hope that Mr. Penley will at no very distant date complete the triplet.

*The Story of a Ploughboy.* By James Bryce. (John Lane. 6s.)

ONE is compelled, after careful study of this book, to regard it as an autobiographical relation. The hero, Jamie Bryce, endures a sort of slavery as a lad, rises by a combination of circumstances to be the right-hand man of a "factor" on a large Scotch estate—and flings up everything in Tolstoyan fashion for the sake of a belief that there should be no masters in the world. He is not a Socialist in the usual acceptation of the term, for the organisation of Socialism repels him; rather is he an Anarchist pure and simple, believing in universal love and brotherhood. To this belief he sacrifices all things, even the love of Nina, his betrothed.

Nina wins all our sympathy; she stands as a true, lovable woman, waiting for a lover who forgot warm, human realities in far-fetched abstractions. We leave her waiting, for as a love story the book has no end. In its first part, to which Nina does not enter, the terrible life of Jamie the ploughboy is related with almost Greek simplicity and force; had the power of these earlier chapters been maintained, we had been faced with a wonderful book. In approaching social questions, however, Mr. Bryce gives us what are evidently the views of the partly enlightened ploughboy; he grows diffuse, and leads us down so many side tracks. Still, he does not fail to interest to the end, and his story makes good reading in spite of its inconclusive finish.

With regard to his theories, he confesses that his efforts did not win him many adherents. This book is not likely to add to their number, for its hero, like most idealists, is unconsciously, but not less disagreeably, selfish.

## Sainte-Beuve Again—II

By FRANK HARRIS.

TO return to my immediate subject—Sainte-Beuve and Matthew Arnold's estimate of him as "a first-rate critic"—I cannot accept Matthew Arnold's hair-splittings and refinings; but something I may take from this essay on Sainte-Beuve in THE ACADEMY—something which I had stated already elsewhere, without knowing that Matthew Arnold had approached it previously—the function of the critic is the scientific function, and the highest exercise of it is the discovery of new truth. The man who finds a new star and tells us about it is accepted as being more important than the man who adjusts a little more accurately our notions concerning the known stars: it may be accepted as a general rule that that critic is the best in the day and hour who is the first to recognise and proclaim new genius. But now, if we can take it that the function of the critic is that of the man of science, and that he must be measured by the same standard, let us see if, judged in this way, Sainte-Beuve is entitled to rank as a first-rate critic.

Of all the men of genius of his own time and of the time immediately preceding him, two stand out to-day above all others—Balzac and Victor Hugo. In comparison with these two—the great poet and leader of the Romantic movement and the great novelist and inaugurator of the Realistic movement—all others fall into a second rank. The Verlaines, Gautiers, and other poets derive as naturally from Victor Hugo as the novelists, the Zolas and Flauberts and De Goncourts, derive from Balzac. It was, of course, the first duty of a great critic to proclaim and expound the virtues of both these great men to their contemporaries, and a more pleasurable duty could hardly be imagined. Sainte-Beuve should have felt towards them as the watcher of the night feels when some star swims into his ken—a thrill of excitement and disinterested delight.

As usual, the popular estimate of these great men in their own day was utterly false and mistaken. It is within the truth to say that Sainte-Beuve did nothing to amend the ordinary verdict; he belittled Victor Hugo and, worse still, he belittled Balzac. "Worse still," I say, for Balzac was always unpopular, while Victor Hugo was the hero of the mob. Probably because he preached a sort of hero-worship of Napoleon I, Victor Hugo caught the French imagination as a young man, and was from the beginning acclaimed and proclaimed on all hands as a great genius. He was so uplifted indeed by this vogue and breeze of popular fervour and admiration that later on he tried to play pontiff or pope representing the conscience of Europe, with somewhat ludicrous results. On the other hand, Balzac was misseen and shamefully under-rated. The realistic scaffolding which he used was regarded by the mediocrities as proof of a want of imagination: great buildings, they thought, were to be born, like soap bubbles, of a breath, and not to be built up laboriously stone by stone. Balzac was not nearly as popular during his lifetime as George Sand, nothing like such a favourite of the masses as Eugène Sue.

It was the first duty of a great critic in the middle of the nineteenth century to oppose these popular judgments and reverse them. He should have sought to limit the popular appreciation of Victor Hugo; he should have given himself to the task of expounding and proclaiming the genius and power of Balzac. Sainte-Beuve did neither of these things. It would be easy to show that his understanding of Victor Hugo was scarcely wiser in any sense or truer than the mere popular judgment of the newspaper penny-a-liner. But he must be judged finally and condemned by his treatment of Balzac. When he began his *Causeries* in 1850, Balzac had already published a dozen masterpieces; but Sainte-Beuve persecuted him with contempt and denigration till at length Balzac turned on him and wrote his name in vitriol on his forehead for ever. "Le petit Sainte-Beuve," he called him—"Sainte-Beuve, the meagre-minded."

No one will ever take away that phylactery; a hundred Matthew Arnolds can do nothing to remove it; it is beyond their reach. One might go on to show that just as Sainte-Beuve mis-saw and under-rated Balzac so also he mis-saw and misunderstood all the greatest of his followers. He belittled Zola and the De Goncourts; he had no notion even that Flaubert was an infinitely better critic than himself; he found fault with "Madame Bovary" as though it had been some schoolboy essay. He would not even admit the splendour of Flaubert's style; he preferred that of George Sand. "In George Sand," he says, "the style is a gift of the first order; she never hesitates, but always finds the perfect word"—("Elle ne tatonne jamais: mais trouve toujours le mot juste")—praise so extravagant that it carries its own instant condemnation.

If it were worth one's while, one could trace Sainte-Beuve's shortcomings as a critic to his own limitations. The poetry which he tried to write as a young man only shows the "sedulous ape" intent on imitating the verbal effects of the masters: his novel, "Volupté," discovers him more completely. The hero of it, Amaury, is a priest who has studied both science and poetry, who, while condemning even the desire of knowledge, yet shows a peculiar zest in describing the pleasures of sense; a sort of critical taster of all delights, who sips bee-like at every flower of soul and mind and body without ever losing himself for a moment in any chalice, Sainte-Beuve himself—how could such a delicate queasy voluptuary understand Balzac with his Gargantuan ferocious appetites, his monk-like self-denials, his heroic labours? Sainte-Beuve was a student of books and not of life, of phrases and not of feelings, a man who thought the soul of literature was verbal felicity, who would have dismissed St. Paul contemptuously as a wretchedly uncultured writer and exalted Alfred de Vigny as a born genius. In spite of all his efforts to be kindly to those smaller than himself, the academics of talent, he was poisonously unfair to all the great ones: he was one of that "paltry crew" of whom Dante tells us: "Hateful at once to God and to His enemies"—

A Dio spiacenti ed a'nemici sui.  
Le petit Sainte-Beuve: Saint-Beuve the small-souled.

## Italy and Turkey

BY E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

OPERA-BOUFFE is the only term which adequately describes the Italian methods of conducting a war. This desperate struggle, which for long periods at a time is entirely forgotten by the rest of the world, seems to be no nearer a termination than it was at the beginning of last October. It is doubtful whether in the whole history of European politics a nation has made herself look quite so ridiculous as Italy has by her abortive attempt to force Turkey into making a peace by bombarding the entrance to the Dardanelles. Her attitude resembles that of a small boy on a keen winter's morning, when fresh snow is lying on the ground, as he makes a snowball and throws it surreptitiously, when the constable is round the corner or conversing with his favourite cook, at the back of some venerable old gentleman who has long since lost all power of active retaliation through decrepitude and old age, but who is still capable of defending himself if only his enemy comes within the reach of the stout cudgel which he carries in his hand. This simile exactly describes the Italian Demonstration against the Dardanelles. It is a form of street-urchin warfare which has aroused the amusement of every Chancellery in Europe, which has brought peace not one whit the nearer, and which has put the shipping of the neutral Powers to incalculable inconvenience and loss.

Turkey has a perfect right to mine the Dardanelles as long as the Italians throw their shells from several miles away and threaten to force a passage, which, by the way, we should much like to see them attempt. We hope that no coercion will be brought to bear on Turkey to force her to reopen a passage from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean until the Powers have obtained a guarantee from Italy that she will refrain from any further naval demonstrations in Turkish home waters.

The position of Italy to-day is one of the most ludicrous in which any all-conquering Power—as the Italians would have us believe they are—has ever been placed. Six months ago, in one of my earliest dispatches sent from Tripoli, I stated that "Italy has bitten off more than she can chew," and the truth of this statement, which was derided in the Italian Press, has been amply proved by time. Italy annexed Tripoli by proclamation before she ever could really call a square foot of Tripolitan soil her own, and Turkey to-day makes the withdrawal of this annexation proclamation a *sine qua non* of any peace negotiations. Turkey is acting strictly within her rights in doing so. No nation has a right formally to announce the annexation of the territory of a neighbouring Power until it is actually occupied, and both the civil and military administrations are under her control.

But how much of Tripoli can Italy call her own to-day, and how much will she ever be able to call her own? The Italian Army in North Africa, which now numbers over one hundred thousand men, has not moved a mile inland, and is quite incapable of moving inland, to

attack the Arabs and the Turkish Regulars in the desert or at the desert oases. It remains shut up in the coast towns and in the narrow fringe of oases which surround most of them. The principal of these towns are Tripoli, Homs, Bengasi, Derna, and Bomba, and in no single instance have the Italians, with the immensely superior forces at their disposal, been able to drive away the Turks and Arabs who harass the advance-posts from morning to night. We read from time to time of the most desperate engagements in which the Italian troops are invariably victorious, and these are always followed by the announcement that "over 1,000 Turks and Arabs have been killed," not to mention the vast numbers who must have been wounded; but it is a peculiarity of this war that in the Italian reports the killed are invariably more numerous than the wounded. I have made a careful calculation of the reported losses of the Turks and Arabs during the war, and at a rough computation the regular Turkish Army, which numbered barely nine thousand men at the beginning of the war, must have been wiped out nearly five times over by the Italian generals and by the Italian Press. Yet these heroes, who in theory should all be mouldering beneath the sands, continue to fight, and show not the smallest desire to make peace. It is, of course, impossible to calculate the numbers of Arab allies who have been slain, but according to the Italians some fifty thousand must have bitten the dust before their all-conquering legions.

What a sordid farce the whole story is! The fictions which have been circulated by the Italian Government, and the manner in which the people of Italy have been misled and deceived, transcend the wildest flights of the imagination of Baron Munchausen. Compare for a moment the Italian official reports of great victories with the accounts of reliable eye-witnesses who have passed the last few months at the Turkish headquarters. They tell you that the position remains eternally the same; that the Italians rarely if ever attempt to come out of their entrenchments, and that the Turks are not in sufficient force to take the aggressive with any hope of success. Therefore the war has degenerated all along the coast-line into perpetual small affairs of outposts whenever the nomad Arabs, armed and encouraged by the Turks, decide to have a day's sport. On my return from Tripoli in November last I stated that affairs had already reached a state of "stalemate," and that, therefore, there was no particular reason why the war should ever come to an end unless Europe chose to intervene. Surely the hour for active European intervention has arrived. The Italians are endangering the peace of the Balkans by these "street-urchin attacks" on the Dardanelles, and by the seizure of islands in the Greek Archipelago, and they are only exasperating the Turks to further prolonged resistance, at the same time inflicting absolutely no harm on them. Italy, although claiming to be everywhere victorious, has everything to gain by peace, whereas Turkey has little or nothing to gain. The war is costing Italy several millions a week; it is costing Turkey hardly a penny. The Italian fleet is being worn out by continually keeping the sea and by

the incessant discharge of twelve-inch guns at mounds of desert sand and wandering Arabs; the Turkish fleet is incapable of being worn out because it reached that stage some thirty odd years ago. The Italian people, in spite of the attempt to throw dust into the eyes of Europe, are heartily weary of a struggle devoid of profit and of glory; the Turkish people are everywhere enthusiastic, and their determination to resist grows stronger day by day. The Italian conscript soldiers are disgusted with their long sojourn amidst the sands of Tripoli, and long to return; the sands of Tripoli are the natural home and happy hunting-ground of the Arab. If the war continues during the hot summer months the Italian armies cooped up in insanitary camps will succumb by thousands to dysentery, cholera, and enteric; whereas the activity of the Turks and Arabs will increase rather than diminish, and they will be almost immune from disease in the open desert. Italy is everywhere regarded as a public disturber of the European peace; she has not a genuine friend in Europe; Turkey, having been unjustly attacked, can play the rôle of injured innocence, which suits her diplomacy admirably.

It will be seen, therefore, that Italy, far from having been victorious, is faced with financial disaster if the war continues much longer, whereas no harm can come to Turkey. Let a peace just to both sides be arranged on the following basis: Italy to remain in possession of certain of the principal ports and let Turkey receive a substantial indemnity. Let Italy withdraw her premature annexation proclamation, and allow the Sultan to retain his nominal suzerainty, and thus save the face of the Young Turkish Party. The result of a Treaty on these lines would be this: The Turks would receive some much-needed cash, and would at the same time be able to concentrate their army closer to Constantinople, as they would no longer have a division absolutely wasted in Northern Africa. Italy would have possession of the coast towns, and would be in nominal control of the country. The Arabs of the interior would remain free and independent, as they have ever been, and as they are likely to remain until Europeans have acquired the habit of living on dates amid the burning sands.

## The Shakespeare Festival—II

ONE of the first things that strikes on the mind with pleasure, in these performances in the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, is the sudden music of the verse. Like a floating air, it attunes the blood to a certain mood, and its essential value may be perceived when it is discovered that that mood is the dominant of the action afoot. In other words, the verse is not heard as something merely in which the action is couched: as though it might indifferently be couched in poetry or in prose without loss to its import, and as though poetry chanced to be the happy, or unhappy, affectation of the Elizabethans, even as prose happens to be the honester method nowadays. In most London produc-

tions, to be frank, it is so; for there it is hard to discover whether prose or verse is being spoken, or whether there is any music or rhythm at all. Consequently, many, even among those who have kept their faith in poetic drama, have fallen into the way of thinking that poetry is only a manner (or even a mannerism, perhaps!) of delivering drama, instead of being, as it is, a fundamental way of conceiving drama. It is for this reason that a musical delivery of verse becomes so important. One realises at once that poetic drama moves on its own plane apart, with its own laws and its own inspiration; and that that plane has a mystical reference to the rhythmic inspiration and laws that sustain the universe.

It is always thrilling to rediscover the obvious. It was thrilling, therefore, to discover that when Shakespeare wrote in lines he meant lines, and if he meant lines he meant that his audience should hear those lines, and not have them obliterated in an indiscriminate delivery. Even if its *caesura* should occur on the penultimate syllable of a line, its entity should be maintained in delivery—even if, on bad speaking, it create a sing-song. The very flow-over (in schoolman phrase, the *enjambement*) is turned from a wise variation to a confusion if line-entity be forgotten. And such a rediscovery, with all the delight it brought in its train, is not the least of the achievements of the Benson company. For example, Mr. Randle Ayrton, in his admirable rendering of Enobarbus in "Antony and Cleopatra" on the 23rd, had it given to him to strike the needful dominant of the play in those lines that, like their occasion, "age cannot wither nor custom stale":—

The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,  
Burned on the water.

Ill rendered, the level of the play had been lowered; but spoken as they were, in a rhythm of speech that was music, they not only gave the play its true pitch, but they made one realise the distinctive and separate character of poetic drama. Not all the company, indeed, gave the music aright; and even those who caught what one might call the linear music failed sometimes to realise the paragraphic quality of great blank verse; yet the music was there, which is to say that the plays moved and lived in their proper air.

It was particularly fitting that "Antony and Cleopatra" should have been chosen for the night of the birthday anniversary. It is not the greatest of Shakespeare's plays; nor is it the most beautiful; but coming when it did in the order of his works it has a peculiar significance. The great solid strength of the "Hamlet," "Othello," and "King Lear" period had passed, while the restless and eager subtlety of the concluding period of his work had not yet come; and the mixture of the two produced a splendour of characterisation and a daring of metaphor and imagery that so reveal their author's power as to make the play indicative of him in quite a significant relation. This made its presentation on the 23rd a happy choice. Where, in dramatic literature, are there lines such as those to which we have just referred? Where is another woman like Cleopatra? She is perhaps the most diffi-

cult woman in drama adequately to depict. In fact, it seems difficult to imagine her fully and completely rendered. On the one side there is the eager strength, the vivacity, running like mercury all ways; and on the other, a strong cold majesty. To control the two, and make them one, is almost beyond hope. Like all those whom we have seen render the part, Miss Dorothy Green left the latter half and confined her attention to displaying the fascination of the first. She succeeded splendidly: her sinuous charm quite explained the great general's fascination, even though the cold and fearful majesty were lacking. Similarly, Mr. Benson's Antony did not capture the might of the man whose "legs bestrid the ocean," and whose "reared arm crested the world." It is questionable whether this could be done. Perhaps for this reason we have never yet heard any interpreter who has given pungency to what we consider Antony's most characteristic words—when he cries: "Fortune knows we scorn her most when most she offers blows." To achieve the dignity of Antony, and get something of his strength, seems all that lies in the compass of interpretation—interpretation that must enter into an alien temperament before it can render it. This Mr. Benson did. Mr. Ayrton's Enobarbus we have already referred to. It was a strong, restrained piece of acting, given with all the humour proper to a character who is not only a soldier, but also a kind of Chorus to the play.

It was in "Hamlet" that Mr. Benson excelled chiefly. As is well known, in this most discussed of plays he is not only content to be faithful to Shakespeare's own constructive skill, but he gives it in full text—as it was not even given in the dramatist's own day, to judge from the evidence of the Folio. Beginning at six it lasts till eleven, and during the larger part of that time Hamlet is on the scene. It adds not alone to the physical labour, but it increases the difficulty of interpretation. Therefore, to say that in no place does Mr. Benson make us feel the personality of the Prince inadequate for the perplexity of the play, is to say much. One thing particularly deserves all praise. His is not the customary fanciful interpretation of a man pre-occupied with abstract intellectual problems, such as Coleridge has created, more from himself than from Shakespeare. Mr. Benson made us feel the simpler, more direct and therefore more dramatic, perplexity of a noble, highly sensitive and upright man faced by a problem that seems to defy an answer. Directly that answer comes, he is ready for his revenge; but before he can proceed to that, he must to his mother, to discover how far she is involved: and there, by the death of Polonius, he puts himself into the King's hands, and is shipped to England. In showing that Hamlet's nobility and sensitiveness was his bar to action, far more than any intellectual ratiocination, Mr. Benson made the play dramatically intense and alive. And when to that he added the fact that one was addressed directly by Shakespeare's own scene-sequence and exquisite sense of juxtaposition, it will be realised that though the performance was one of some five hours, there was no fatigue or labour in it.

One could have wished, therefore, that "Romeo and Juliet" on Saturday afternoon had not been marred by interference with Shakespeare's act-arrangement. It is so simple a matter, too. As the present writer has attempted to show elsewhere, save in a few exceptions Shakespeare's act-arrangement was carefully thought out and consistently followed. The details are no present matter; but, briefly, the five acts respectively are nearly always arranged thus: Introduction, Development, Crisis, Counter-Development, and Climax or Solution. Obviously, therefore, as the meeting of Romeo and Juliet concludes the introduction, that scene is the conclusion of the first act. Similarly, as the killing of Tybalt is the opening of the Crisis, that scene is the first of the third act. So when Romeo leaves his Juliet to fly to Mantua, that is the conclusion of the Crisis, and, therefore, of the third act. But in the version as given, though the order of the scenes is adhered to, the re-arrangement of the acts mars wholly the balance and adjustment of the play. The world's greatest dramatist should be allowed to have his own way. Be sure, he knew his business pretty well. As his plays stand, it is nearly always possible to place a scene into its proper act and its proper place in its act, without any reference to the text, by a mere discovery of its value in the general movement, so careful is his craftsmanship.

In the matter of the acting, Miss Green as Juliet deserves more than passing mention; Mr. Murray Carrington as Romeo did well with a part that scarcely suited him; while Mr. Ayrton's Mercutio, particularly in the death-scene, was a remarkably fine achievement. Among other plays, Mr. Harry Caine as Bottom was a most excellent weaver, Mr. Balliol Holloway as Pistol an admirable braggadocio, Mr. Moffat Johnstone as good a Fluellen as he was the would-be wise old Polonius. As Ophelia Miss Ethel McDowall conceived well, yet needed a little restraint in delivery. But such comments, though they generally seem inadequate, can hardly command their place in the present instance. When it is remembered that some ten or twelve different plays are given in succession, without repetition, once and sometimes twice a day, fault-finding and even discrimination are manifestly not in order. That the pleasure should be continuously unmixed with irritation under such circumstances is a thing that bespeaks considerable prowess and achievement in each and all of the actors.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

### The "Ideal Homes" Exhibition

WE must with sadness confess to a feeling of keen disappointment as the result of our recent visit to Olympia. We had looked forward to investigating the delights of numberless cosy nooks, well ordered, harmonious parts of one comprehensive scheme; but in place of this we found chaos. For the central feature of the whole, the "Ideal House," we have little but praise, although we feel bound to make one comment. To our taste the number of rooms in this house has been unduly multiplied at the expense of size. "Dear little"

dining-rooms, "dear little" drawing-rooms, and, above all, "dear little" bedrooms are all very well for marionettes, but for live human beings cramped bodies mean cramped minds.

The architect has sought to give the building-owner too much for his money. So from the neat peacefulness of this little home we wandered forth once more into the outer chaos. Gas-cookers, electric-cookers, cookers and heaters utilising every conceivable source of radiant energy except that obsolete bug-bear, coal; lighting machines and cleaning machines—all no doubt of the highest utility—jostled and jarred one another in a frantic endeavour to attract attention. We enjoyed the privilege of listening to a lecture upon scientific carpet sweeping to the accompaniment of Handel's "Largo," charmingly rendered upon the piano-player. Very little ingenuity, we imagine, would be needed to combine the two instruments, thereby rendering it possible to clothe the function of dust-removal in the mantle of grand opera.

With such thoughts in our bewildered brains did we wander onwards into the land of tulips and cheeses. If you have never been in the real Holland, no doubt it is very nice to know what that land of milk and bulb farms is like. Somehow we, to whom Holland and its inhabitants are dear, felt that this was but a caricature of the real thing.

As to the numberless mechanical devices with which the body of the hall was crammed to overflowing, in so far as they make for greater cleanliness, we suppose they are to be commended. But are not all these things tending to make us more and more blind each day to the real beauty of conscientious craftsmanship? The ancient delight of our race in the workmanship of cunning hands seems almost vanished: not completely, for in the gallery, amidst a number of completely furnished rooms exhibited by native and foreign firms, mostly suffering from over-elaboration, was to be found the great redeeming feature of the exhibition—the "Modern English Furniture" section. "That there is any work at all of this sort is wonderful, because it has been produced in direct antagonism to all the economic doctrines of the moment." So speaks Mr. Quennell, the organising secretary of the section. Our hope is that this exhibition may do something towards converting people once more to the taste for what is intrinsically good, and then, in Mr. Quennell's own words, "We may again produce beautiful things, and at the same time solve other problems as well."

### Music

DURING the last week both opera houses have been open every night. Only one work which may be described as at all unfamiliar has been heard—"La Favorita," produced on Wednesday by Mr. Hammerstein. Our great-grandfathers and grandfathers thought highly of "La Favorita," and "Spirito gentil," "O mio Fernando" and "A tanto amor" were as

familiar as household words. They now fulfil the useful but humbler function of serving as teaching pieces. The rest of the opera has been entirely forgotten, nor is it likely that Mr. Hammerstein's experiment will make many people wish to remember it. Perhaps if the three chief parts had been in the hands of epoch-making artists a mild interest might have been created, but even the three principal numbers were not sung conspicuously well. Mme Doria is competent and experienced, but has not the qualities which would call to life a dead opera. The brilliant mounting will not make amends for the inherent weaknesses of the work. Any small chance which the opera might have had of appealing to opera-goers of a humbler kind was killed by the grand opera prices.

At Covent Garden the Ring has dominated the scheme, and the only other work heard has been "La Bohème." Mme Lipkowska is one of the most attractive Mimos we have seen, and the charm of her personality infused new life into the work. Mr. McCormack is making immense progress, and it is difficult to know where a more completely satisfying lyric tenor can be found to-day. The whole performance under Signor Campanini was unusually good in respect of atmosphere and completeness of detail, and if such a standard can be kept up throughout the season even the most fastidious will have no ground for complaint.

The performance of the Ring has had one distinguishing feature, the entire absence of barking, coughing, or screaming among the singers. It may be said that to all intents and purposes every bar was sung, and well sung. This is not entirely due to the fact that the cast was very cosmopolitan, because some of the principal parts were taken entirely by German artists. There is no small cause for thankfulness in the reflection that a new generation of singers is springing up in Germany which realises how pernicious have been the heresies of those who sacrificed to the Moloch of "Sprechgesang" every consideration of musical phrasing and beauty of tone. First and foremost, Herr Van Rooy has not for many years sung as beautifully as he has during the last week, and Mme Kirkby Lunn's singing of the Waltraute music was a sheer delight. Herr Hensel's Siegfried is a very vigorous piece of work, full of youthful energy in action and of artistic maturity in singing. He managed to preserve himself for the love duet in "Siegfried" better than most of his predecessors, many of whom have the outward appearance of much stronger physique. The Siegmund of Herr Cornelius was also vocally excellent, indeed, wonderful, if we remember the many Siegmunds who perhaps sang one note in tune in each act, when they were in specially good voice. We had a new Brunnhilde and a new Sieglinde. Fräulein Gertrud Kappel, of Hanover, is a young artist who has an exceptionally good voice of the right dramatic timbre, who sings with great dramatic intensity, and phrases artistically. She is a womanly, rather than a heroic, Brunnhilde, but her acting at the end of "Die Walküre" and in the second act of "Götterdämmerung" was unusually expressive. Mme Salzmann-Stevens has so far done nothing as well as she did Sieglinde, and her fare-

well to Brunnhilde in the third act was one of the most thrilling moments of the Ring. Dr. Rottenberg is an experienced and accomplished conductor, who brings out the lyrical beauties of the score with more success than its grandeur. He does not make one feel that it is a world-epic or a world-drama, and he does not quite convey to the hearer the essential unity of the whole or the impression of a relentless destiny shaping the ends of all the actors in the drama. His great merit is that he is careful of the singers. He is inclined to underrate the importance of the *leitmotifs*, making them rather part of the orchestral background than things which stand out clearly from it with strongly defined outlines. A Greek philosopher once said that the noblest fame that a woman could obtain was that she should not be talked about. To a certain extent this is true of the staging of the Ring; mistakes are very easy to make, and when made assume disproportionate importance. It is therefore high praise to say that not much need be written about it. It may, however, be worth considering whether it has not got into a groove, and whether the time for the process known in Germany as "neu-einstudierung" and "neu-inszierung" is not at hand. It should surely be possible to look forward rather than always backward to 1876.

Of Mr. Hammerstein's other productions the most satisfactory has been that of "Romeo and Juliet," for the youthful charm and grace of Miss Felice Lyne and the dramatic vigour of Mr. Orville Harrold helped to make a considerable impression on the hearers, and the scenery (which is that used by Miss Julia Neilson in her recent revival) is extremely artistic, while Mr. Ermaly is a conductor of distinct merit.

## The Theatre

### Three Plays at the Little Theatre

THE credit for providing the most pleasant portion of last Sunday evening's triple bill, under the direction and interpretation of the Adelphi Play Society, must go to Mr. Clifford Bax, whose lively little comedy, "The Poetasters of Ispahan," was in very welcome contrast to the other two pieces. To Halláj, a public letter-writer, come four tradesmen in the agonies of composing a poem to the beautiful Silvermoon, daughter of a wealthy jeweller. Halláj, in love with her himself, is bribed by each to "doctor" the verse of the others, and the whole scheme, with the discomfited and amazed poets and the triumphant Halláj, was excellently amusing. Mr. Maurice Elvey has mastered the secret of quiet, forceful acting; to watch his play of expression while the pretty Silvermoon read the absurd verses was an education in the art, and his by-play with the ambitious rivals was just in the right spirit. As the competitors, Messrs. Ross Shore, Merefield, Cargill, and Nock did well, and Mr. J. Dale with Miss Bellairs took the parts of father and daughter with good effect.

The piece was preceded by "The Cause of It All," by Tolstoy, which failed to supply any reason for its existence, and followed by one of Strindberg's jovial little plays in which a sex-problem and a suicide were banked up with discussions and arguments which seemed interminable. It had its dramatic moments, and might be powerful were a third of the dialogue cut out; but grimness spread out so thinly becomes tiresome. In the very difficult title-part of "Miss Julia" Miss Octavia Kenmore succeeded admirably; Miss Jean Bloomfield and Mr. Frederick Groves supported her well. But why does not Mr. Maurice Elvey give us a few more plays in the vein of "The Fantasticks," which he interpreted so delightfully last year? We are simply weary beyond words of morbid sex-problems and clever analyses of horrible situations, and we question very seriously whether their presentation is not a sheer waste of time and talent.

### The Pioneer Players

THE seats were very comfortable, the lady programme sellers very courteous and polite, and the audience extremely patient. These are the best words that we can bestow upon the production of "A Modern Crusader: A Dramatic Pamphlet in Three Acts," produced by the Pioneer Players at the King's Hall, Covent Garden, on Tuesday afternoon. The first Act opens in a rectory garden, where a certain Dr. Thomas Lawson delivers a long tirade on vegetarianism. He is of opinion that the ordinary person's diet consists of too much meat and too little milk, and that meals are very often taken because it is the custom to eat certain things at certain specified times whether we want them or not. In this latter idea we entirely agree with the young practitioner. The old adage "to eat when one is hungry and drink when one is dry" is probably the best rule to obey; but with regard to substituting milk for meat, we would point our young enthusiast to the healthy old age of some of our grandparents who in their youth partook very freely of meat, and possibly washed it down—horrible thought!—with several glasses of strong ale.

The second Act opens in a butcher's shop, which was very realistically displayed. Mr. T. N. Weguelin as the butcher is delightful. He has our sympathy all the way through. He is a good, sensible man and presents a marked contrast to his anaemic little daughter, who is not a very healthy specimen of the beneficial effects of vegetarianism. A little mild love-making takes place, but can anyone be expected to feel enthusiastic on a milk or nut and parsley diet? The tender passion, like all choice growths, requires some small amount of nourishment if it is to blossom well.

In the last Act we are taken back to the Rectory Garden. A note of pathos is struck here. Mrs. Barrington, an invalid of many years, slowly fades away and breathes her last surrounded by all her friends. She leaves a large fortune for the promulgation of the principles of hygiene to be carried out by the hitherto

unsuccessful doctor. He is to have "a model cottage, a beautiful wife, and a resident baby." With these he is to tour the country—how it is not stated—until such time as the country sees fit to appoint "a Minister of Public Health with wide powers and a seat in the Cabinet."

The play is not morbid or objectionable; but there is so very little that is practicable in it, and we do not think that it is true to say that the health of country people is all on the surface. Of the acting we cannot say very much. We have already referred to Mr. T. N. Weguelin. Miss Doris Digby as Mrs. Barrington, the invalid, was very good indeed, and so was Mr., or Master, Douglas Murray as Freddy, the butcher's boy. Some of the others required considerable prompting. Miss Lilian Hay had a part which did not suit her or which was beyond her powers, for she did not do at all well with it. Miss Inez Bensusan as Lady Lawson gave a very fair rendering of the outraged aunt. On the whole we think that in spite of Miss Hobson's Crusade the palm will still be held by the butcher and his wares.

### To the Memory of Justin McCarthy

LAST Saturday I stood in a shining field on the northern borders of London. Shining was it in the light of the sun, for though in the morning all the sky was grey with clouds and vexed with a cold wind, as the hours wore on there came a light that shone and pierced through the sad mists and dissolved them, and when noon was past all the dome that is above the world was a faery blue, and the sun glittered: the great primrose fire of the spring. There are skies that deepen into violet in the regions of the south where a flaming, burning sunlight glows on the white rocks of Provence, in the land where the cicada calls from the dark pines, odorous as incense in the fierce heat of the heavens; but over that garth in northern London the sky was delicate and pure and mystical, glimmering in its radiance as if it were seen through faintest, whitest veils.

All round me was a place of tender, springing leaves, of sweet shades of opening green; and the song of a bird rose in the clear air, like a chant of joy and great thanksgiving.

Upon these silver notes beat the summons of a bell; again and again it was repeated, and as the harsh tolling and the bird's song rose together, I looked and there came a grave pomp towards the place where I was standing. First a boy in black and white lifted up a glittering cross; behind him a figure clad in a cloak also of black and white, whose lips moved incessantly; the faint murmur of words in an old tongue came across the stillness. On the one side of this figure walked one who bore a vessel of pure water, on the other a youth carried fire and frankincense; and here, after the teaching of Pater, I found the natural things of the earth exalted; common water and common spices raised, as

it were, to their highest power: no longer common, but serving as symbols of eternal mysteries. And behind these sacred ministers came the flower-laden coffin and the mourners; they were bringing the body of Justin McCarthy to its place of rest, beside his wife.

*Ne intres in judicium servo tuo, Domine.*

The priest in his cope and stole of black and silver stood at the head of the open grave, and began to utter in sonorous and solemn Latin the last supplications for the dead. I heard him marshalling the host of heaven in aid of the departed soul; with a reiterated summons he bade the chorus of the angels and the archangels come to the assistance of him who had passed through the deep waters of death. With them the martyrs in their dyed robes, with them the shining saints, all who had come through great tribulation and had obtained the white vestments of immortality; all were gathered by the invocation of this final rite to be the sponsors and patrons of the dead in the courts of the undying.

The blue incense smoke rose into the sunlight; the holy water was sprinkled into the darkness of the grave; the last *requiescat* was uttered, and Justin McCarthy's body was committed to the earth *sub signo crucis*.

I was glad to be present at this funeral, I am glad to write this record of it as a token of respect for one whom I only knew in his latter years, when the battle of his life was over, and he was slowly and gently passing out of the turmoil and the struggle and the unceasing labours of a busy life. Justin McCarthy, I am sure, was a man of the clearest and the strongest convictions; and all his days he had followed these convictions with the utmost honesty. He was a party man, but he rose above the mists of party; for he himself, Nationalist as he was, spoke to me in terms of the utmost admiration of Lord Beaconsfield as one who always strove to do what was right. All friends of the dead, however humble and obscure, are suffered to send their flowers and their wreaths, and so I, an obstinate Tory for whom Home Rule is a foolish dream and Liberalism an utter delusion, here lay my wreath on the grave of Justin McCarthy, Nationalist and Liberal.

A. M.

## At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

WITH characteristic cynicism the Government decided to postpone the division on the first reading of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill until Thursday night. The motive was, of course, obvious, and to do them justice they did not take the trouble to explain away their own inconsistency and insincerity. All the Nationalist Members were away on Monday and Tuesday at the so-called Irish National Convention, which was held in Dublin, and in the absence of John Red-

mond's henchmen there was no certainty of a majority for the Bill. In other words, the Nationalist vote was needed to decide the fate of the Anglican Church in Wales. This in any case is grossly unjust, seeing that those Members of Parliament are notoriously unable to take a sympathetic view of the teaching and work of the Church in this country; but the cynical tyranny of the Liberal Government in this matter appears fully when it is remembered that these same Nationalists are by the Home Rule Bill precluded from acting as arbiters on the question of Church Establishment in Ireland. The Cabinet brands them, with their own consent, as unfit in their own country to exercise that power which it invites them to use dishonestly in Britain in order that the Government may be kept in office and secure a party victory by treachery of the most shameless kind.

So on Wednesday, with the Irish Benches empty, we proceeded to discuss the Civil Service Estimates and the Insurance Act; but before settling down to work there was a heated argument as to how much time was to be given to the second reading of the Home Rule Bill. Mr. Lloyd George announced that the Government were prepared to give six days, at which statement there were loud howls of protest, and Sir Edward Carson, who is getting more and more impatient, interrupted Lloyd George in a way that caused the Speaker to "take exception to the method of his interruption."

Mr. Harry Foster continued to comment on the way the Insurance Act was being worked. He was relieved of his duties as Whip in order that he would be able to lead the criticisms of the Bill, and he has made himself thoroughly familiar with the complicated details. Mr. Charles Bathurst, an equally painstaking critic, opined rather cruelly that if the Chancellor would keep off the public platform for twelve months the task of the Commissioners would be ten times easier than it was. On the closure being applied the Government majorities sunk to 59, 58, and 88.

The evening was devoted to a private Member's motion, and Major White moved that some legislation was required to stop irresponsible people starting institutions called "Banks." Anyone with £30 could now fix on his house a brass plate inscribed "Bank," and carry on the business without interference. The House was not interested, and at nine-twenty was counted out. The private Member has been treated so badly in recent years by successive Governments that the House as a whole prefers an evening off to an academic debate, however useful.

The questions on the *Titanic* and the action of the American Senate Committee still take up considerable time during Questions. The case of the *Paris* was quoted, where the captain, after being wrecked on the Manacles off the Cornish coast, declined to give any information before the British Inquiry on the ground that he was an American citizen. Members do not seem to object so much to the inquiry as to the methods employed by a Chairman who is obviously quite unfitted for his position. After thinking last week

that water-tight compartments were safes into which passengers could creep for safety, he now admits that he does not know if 48 degrees Fahrenheit is above zero or not, fancied mud and stones were component parts of icebergs, and that the bows were one and the head the other end of a vessel. Ignorance so colossal is causing contemptuous irritation to grow in a way that may complicate the question very much.

On Thursday the Irish dribbled back from their Convention, although, by the way, I discovered later on that a considerable number did not go. They had received instructions to stay behind because the Whips feared a snap division on Wednesday! Lloyd George was in fine fighting form and spoke with all the rancour possible for an hour and a half. He is, of course, a Welsh Nonconformist, and spoke with far more sincerity than Mr. McKenna. He ignored the argument of the Church in England and Wales, and trotted out all the unhistorical views of what took place at the Reformation, which he knows quite well have been exploded long ago. He next bludgeoned the Cecils and told Lord Hugh that he was no better than a Baptist from the Roman point of view. He worked himself up into such a state that Lord Robert said: "This isn't Limehouse," which caused Mr. Swift MacNeil to indulge in what the late Colonel Sanderson once described as "guerilla warfare." He roared out in his Simian way something about the Cecils having grown rich on the lands of the Roman Catholic Church. Whatever may be said of some noble families, this is not true of the Cecils. I never saw Lord Robert so angry in my life. He shouted at the Chancellor that he would never have dared to use such taunts against his family if he had not known that he had already spoken and therefore could not defend himself. Lloyd George, seeing that he had gone too far, said he could not understand such anger, and cleverly turned it off with a laugh.

Ormsby Gore added to his growing reputation by a spirited defence. George Wyndham saw the Bill was designed to rob Peter without paying Paul. Ellis Griffiths wound up the debate for the Government in a really splendid speech which surprised new members. Although he is handsome in a way he looks heavy, and those who do not know him would never think him an orator. He speaks rarely now, but when he does the House always pays him the compliment of listening earnestly. He delivered a really fine speech, marred, in the opinion of some, by a prayerful peroration which was out of taste in a political debate. But for the Irish the majority would have been two. With their help it was only 78—and as we trooped out some opined that the Bill had served its purpose and would not be heard of again, but I am not so sure. The Whipping for the Unionists was excellent, only one man was not accounted for.

On Friday a private Bill was read a second time to abolish half time in schools. The agriculturists protested, and Sir Frederick Banbury objected to legislation by reference, and "this artful attempt of the Government to smuggle through the measure as a

private Member's Bill and then take it up themselves"; but all in vain, the motion to reject was beaten by 124.

On Monday there was another avalanche of questions and supplementary questions on the *Titanic* disaster; some wise and otherwise. In the Committee on Ways and Means Mr. Pretyman roundly accused the Chancellor of levying increment duty when he had no Parliamentary authority for so doing, and rubbed in the point that he had spent £686,000 in collecting £6,250.

Several Members next became inquisitive to know what Mr. Lloyd George intended to do with the £6,000,000 surplus if it was not required for the Navy. Every effort was made to force him to a pledge, and it was roundly asserted that he had used the Navy as a cloak for the moment and later on he would spend it on "sops" for electoral purposes. Mr. Lloyd George was at his best in his reply; he showed all his old dexterity. He declined to pledge himself to anything, a decision which even some of the Radicals could not stomach, so the Government majority fell to 47—a result which was received with loud Unionist cheers.

On Tuesday Mr. Harold Smith brought in a semi-facetious Bill to amend the Parliament Act on the question of the Preamble which was a lie. To the surprise of everyone the Speaker called on Mr. Bottomley, who spoke in mock tones on behalf of the Government, even in places mimicking the tones and terms of Mr. Asquith—who was present and grinned uneasily. The House rocked with laughter, and I am a little surprised that the Speaker did not stop it.

The debate on the Second Reading of the Home Rule Bill commenced dully. Walter Long made an excellent speech, but it did not have the fire of his previous oration. Winston read nearly the whole of his speech. Mr. Cave, K.C., made the speech of the evening—quiet, earnest and deadly.

## Notes and News

The Drama Society will give the first performance of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's tragedy, "Orestes," at the Boudoir Theatre, 12B, Pembroke Gardens, Earl's Court, on Monday afternoon, May 6.

A volume entitled "Colour in Dress," by the well-known author of many works on ornamental and decorative art—G. A. Audsley, LL.D.—is being prepared for immediate publication by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd.

Sir Arthur Clay's authoritative volume on "Syndicalism and Labour," which during the past weeks of economic confusion has been very much in demand, will shortly be issued, by Mr. Murray, in cheap, convenient shilling form, slightly abridged.

Messrs. Holden and Hardingham will have ready immediately a third and popular edition of Mr. Frank T.

Bullen's novel, "A Bounty Boy." The book is in crown 8vo, 360 pages, cloth gilt, with a striking three-coloured picture jacket by Harold C. Earnshaw.

His Majesty the King has honoured Mr. Charles Hannaford by purchasing a water-colour drawing (No. 23) entitled "Summer Haze, St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall," from his Exhibition of Water-Colours of "Dartmoor and Cornwall," now on view at Walker's Galleries, 118, New Bond Street, W.

Messrs. Maunsell and Co., Ltd., of Dublin, the publishers of the works of J. M. Synge, and of other notable books by Irish writers, inform us that they are extending the scope of their business so as to include in their catalogue works by British and American authors generally, and that they have now opened London offices at Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.

Professor R. Duncan Taylor has sent his new work, "The Composition of Matter and the Evolution of Mind," to England for publication by The Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd., who also announce "Contemporary French Poetry," a new volume just added to the "Canterbury Poet" series. Its author is Professor Jethro Bithell, M.A., who prepared the two companion volumes on contemporary German and Belgian poetry.

Mr. Hammerstein is arranging a series of matinées to members of the musical profession and their pupils, for which specially reduced prices will be fixed. In pursuance of his policy of discovering and exploiting native talent, Mr. Hammerstein is organising a committee of selection, composed of representative musicians, to hear unknown singers, and, if satisfactory, recommend them for appearances at the London Opera House.

The third batch of five volumes of the "Swanston" Stevenson will be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus on the 29th inst. The contents of these volumes include "Catriona," "The Master of Ballantrae," "The Wrecker," the complete Poems, and the Plays. They will also issue on May 9 the first important work of Mr. Gilbert Frankau, the son of the novelist who is known as "Frank Danby."

Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. announce that in future, commencing with the May issue, they will publish *The Librarian and Book World*, the first number of which appeared under the title of *The Librarian* about two years ago. The journal, in which several new features are being introduced, is an independent one, and representative of the whole profession, and should prove indispensable to the librarian, publisher, bookseller, and book-buyer alike.

Messrs. A. and C. Black are publishing immediately "How to use the Microscope," by the Rev. Chas. A. Hall, a book written for the guidance of readers who have little or no acquaintance with the microscope, but are desirous of making good use of that instrument; the official biography of W. Robertson Smith, the great theologian and Orientalist, who died in 1894, and a volume of his Lectures and Essays; and Mrs. Russell

Barrington's book, "Through Greece and Dalmatia," illustrated from her own photographs and drawings.

Mr. Murray will publish next week the autobiography of the Begam of Bhopal. It will be remembered that the Begam visited this country to take part in the Coronation of the King, and doubtless there will be much public interest in this life-story of one whose personality last June greatly impressed the popular imagination. Within a week or two Mr. Murray will also publish the Life of the First Duke of Ormonde, on which Lady Burghclere has been engaged for some time, and Mrs. Atherton's new novel, "Julia France and Her Times."

Messrs. George Routledge and Sons, Ltd., will shortly issue "Introductions to the Poets," by F. W. Rawnsley, M.A., each chapter giving a brief biography of the poet with a history of his principal works and selected examples from them. The same firm will also publish English editions of the following important American text-books:—"Society and Politics in Ancient Rome" and "The Common People of Ancient Rome, Studies of Life and Literature," by F. F. Abbott, Prof. of Classics, Princeton University; and "The Universities of Ancient Greece," by J. W. H. Walden.

The Library Assistants' Association met at the British Museum on Wednesday, April 17, at 3 p.m. Mr. G. K. Fortescue, LL.D., Keeper of the Printed Books, delivered an address on "The Library of the British Museum," which was followed by a tour of the Library and Reading Room, and an inspection of some of the working processes of the Library, exhibited in Mr. Fortescue's private room. A vote of thanks to Mr. Fortescue for his cordial welcome, and his interesting address, terminated the meeting. The next meeting is fixed for May 15, at the Public Library, Wandsworth, at 7.30 p.m.

For the third year in succession Messrs. John Long, Ltd., have been entrusted, by the management of Covent Garden, with the publication of the Royal Opera Grand Season Souvenir. Part One will be published at an early date, and will contain synopses of all the operas to be produced this season, together with portraits and biographies of the artists. This will be attractively produced in a decorative art cover, the design of which embraces a reproduction of Varge's famous portrait of Wagner. Part Two will deal exclusively with the Russian ballet and the dancers, and will be published in June.

Messrs. Jack announce that a volume on Home Rule by Mr. L. G. Redmond Howard, a nephew of Mr. John Redmond, M.P., will be included in the second dozen of "The People's Books," to be issued on May 15. There will be a preface by Mr. Robert Harcourt, M.P. The other volumes will be "The Foundations of Science," by W. G. D. Whetham, M.A., F.R.S.; "Inorganic Chemistry," by Professor E. C. C. Baly, F.R.S.; "Radiation," by P. Phillips, D.Sc.; "Lord Kelvin," by A. Russell, M.A., D.Sc.; "Huxley," by Professor G. Leighton, M.D.; "The Growth of Freedom," by H. W. Nevins; "Julius Caesar," by Hilary Hardinge; "England in the Middle Ages," by Mrs. E. O'Neill, M.A.; "Francis Bacon," by Professor A. R. Skemp, M.A.; "The Brontës," by Miss Flora Masson; "A Dictionary of Synonyms," by Austin K. Gray, B.A.

## Imperial and Foreign Affairs

By LANCELOT LAWTON.

## THE NEW CHINA.

THE long-deferred speech of M. Sazonoff, the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs, was delivered in the Duma on Friday last, and on Tuesday Count Berchtold, the Austrian Minister for Foreign Affairs, also reviewed the general situation. In both these declarations it is possible to trace a distinct note of nervousness in regard to the future, a circumstance which, taken in conjunction with the disquieting events that are shaping themselves throughout the world, cannot otherwise than give rise to feelings of anxiety. M. Sazonoff dealt at some length with affairs in China, where for the moment Russian interests are more vitally affected than in any other sphere. His utterances afforded striking confirmation of the prophetic announcements which from time to time have been made in these columns. That Northern Mongolia has come largely under Russian influence, if not protection, is already a fact accomplished. M. Sazonoff now says, with unmistakable significance, that South Manchuria gravitates towards the South Manchuria Railway zone, which belongs to Japan, and that Eastern Mongolia comes within the Manchurian area.

A declaration of this kind, though general in character, clearly portends a definite line of action. Manchuria and the greater part of Mongolia are destined to fall a prey to Russia and Japan. The question naturally arises as to what action will be taken by other Powers in the direction of seeking compensation. In view of the active manifestation of the Imperial spirit in Germany it may be predicted that the opportunity of strengthening the Teutonic grasp upon Shantung will not be lost. Great Britain has already surrendered her privileges in the Yangtze region, but in any case she would find it irksome to pursue a policy of aggression in the birthplace of Republican ideals. There are many authorities on India who advocate the absorption of Tibet. This outlying dependency is at present in a state of disorder, and sooner or later, apart altogether from considerations of High Policy, we may be called upon to intervene solely for the protection of our commercial interests.

It is to be deeply deplored that the question of the dismemberment of China, as a consequence of foreign aggression, should be in the air when the Chinese themselves are beginning to exhibit genuine signs of self-governing capacity. The recent meeting of the Advisory Council and the statesmanlike address delivered by Yuan Shih-kai has given an effective answer to those gloomy critics who averred that the country was in a state of irremediable chaos, and who referred in contemptuous terms to the peril of the little knowledge possessed by upstart students in whose hands were placed the destinies of four hundred millions of people, as compared with the wisdom and experience of the mandarins of the old régime. Dr. Morrison described the meeting of the Advisory Council as simple,

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quiet, and dignified. "No one," he added, "seeing these earnest, well-educated men aspiring to raise their country to the rank of highly developed Western nations, and contrasting them with the antiquated reactionaries who in the past misgoverned this country, could share the pessimism of those critics in Europe who condemn the Republic as hopeless within three months of its marvellous inauguration. Certainly the conditions in the interior, due to the change of government and the lawlessness of the troops, have been in many provinces deplorable, but there is no reason to fear that they are irremediable. The situation is getting under control; the forces tending towards consolidation are infinitely stronger than those making for disintegration."

Another correspondent contrasted the scene with the meetings of the National Assembly half a year ago. Then, grey-bearded men in flowing silken robes and with a seigniorial air were protesting passionately against the employment of force in the Yangtze Valley. To-day, beardless youths in European frock-coats sat quietly listening to the opening address of the President, which was almost entirely concentrated on finance. From all that he saw on this historic occasion the correspondent came to the striking conclusion that, provided the money is forthcoming, the future of this Republic may unroll as marvellously as that of France after 1789. The President drove to the old Senate House with a cavalry escort, and through streets lined with six thousand infantry. The demeanour of the soldiery did not bear out the stories of continued disaffection in their

ranks. In appearance they were described as smart and alert. The address of the President boldly attacked the root of China's plight, the need for drastic financial reform. He announced that the Government was negotiating with the Powers with a view to an increase of the customs tariff, the abolition of *likin*, and the reduction of export taxes. The resultant increase in revenue he estimated would be sufficient to meet the charges on outstanding foreign loans. Then the land regulations were to be revised, proper surveys conducted, a new scale of equitable taxation introduced, a unified system of currency created, a uniform standard of weights and measures adopted, and the mining laws reformed.

The world has yet to realise the full extent of the financial potentialities of China. For the sake of illustration let us take the most promising source of revenue, the land. Sir Robert Hart calculated that one half of the superficies of land capable of paying a tax would produce an annual revenue of four hundred million *taels*. It was his opinion that a complete reform in the administration and collection of the Land Tax could be accomplished in all the eighteen provinces within a period of three years, and he estimated that at the end of that time the yield would be sufficient to meet all annual expenditures of the State. With a wise and honest Administration in power the financial future of China is assured. Meanwhile the timely announcement is made that the representatives of the six Powers interested in the forthcoming loan of sixty millions sterling have arrived at a satisfactory arrangement in regard to the complication that arose as a consequence of China having contracted a loan, during the negotiations, with an Anglo-Belgian group. Thus China is about to be relieved of her temporary embarrassment, but well-grounded fears are expressed in some quarters that when disclosed the terms of the loan contract will constitute a very effective check upon her material progress in the large sense which this term implies. It is known already that the groups involved in the transaction have insisted upon a monopoly of the right to finance China. This monopoly carries with it what is virtually the power to dictate terms, and has the privilege of the diplomatic support of six Governments, including that of Great Britain, so directed as to secure their diplomatic aims and ends. Consequently the conclusion is compelled that the European Concert, with the inclusion of an Oriental fiddler in the form of Japan, has been revived in China. In this instance, however, it bears closely the character of an international business syndicate whose directors are Ministers-Plenipotentiary and Bankers. The experiment is certainly an interesting one, but we do not expect that an attempt to reconcile international no less than commercial jealousies in China will be any more successful than has proved to be the case in others parts of the world.

Japan and Russia are obviously frightened at the prospect of an enlightened and progressive China. Both these Powers are anxious as to the employment of the new loan. They stipulate that no money shall be

utilised in such a manner as to assail their special interests, and they seek to restrict the sums that shall be devoted to military purposes. The mere fact that part of the loan proceeds are urgently required for the disbandment of no less than 850,000 troops in the field is not without its significance as an indication of China's potential strength.

## Motoring and Aviation

THE week-end flying competitions arranged among themselves by the aviators at Brooklands have become such a popular feature that it has been decided to organise the sport of week-end aviation into more definite shape by the formation of a Club, called the Brooklands Aero Club. Every Saturday and Sunday throughout the season competitions will be held for prizes presented by the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club, the events consisting of relay races, cross-country races, bomb-throwing competitions, quick-starting competitions, and alighting competitions. A strong committee, which will work in conjunction with the proprietors of Brooklands, has been appointed to see that the competitions are carried out in a regular and satisfactory manner, and with the rapidly growing popularity of flying contests in this country there is every reason to expect that the venture will be a great success. The new Club constitutes an addition to the group of clubs having their headquarters at Brooklands and working in conjunction with the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club, the others being the British Motor-Cycling Racing Club and the Brooklands Lawn Tennis Club, the latter of which was founded during the winter. At one time it almost appeared that the Brooklands speculation would prove a costly failure, but the great improvements introduced for the convenience of spectators during the last year or two, and the addition of flying exhibitions and contests to the regular motor-racing programmes, have completely altered the position. There is now every likelihood that Brooklands will soon be regarded as one of the principal sporting centres of the country.

An interesting point in connection with police traps arose at Kingston last week in the hearing of a case in which one of the patrols employed by the A.A. and M.U. was charged with obstructing the police in the execution of their duty. It transpired, according to the evidence of the police, that the defendant rode through the "control" (the section of the road included in the trap) while the officers were timing cars near Sandown Park Gates, and motioned to a car that was being timed by them, with the result that the car slowed down. A similar warning was subsequently given to two other cars, one of which was stated to be running at quite 30 miles an hour. The defence was undertaken by the A.A. and M.U., and Mr. Harker, the Association's legal representative, called no evidence, but submitted that the Bench had no power to convict unless the police could prove that *when the cars were warned*

they were being driven at a speed of over 20 miles an hour. The magistrates dismissed the summons. The case is worth recording, if only as showing the importance of being defended by solicitors who are experienced in motor litigation. In this case the Association was defending its own servant, but its members are equally entitled to expert defence, without cost to themselves. There are so many incidents which may arise at any time in the pursuit of motoring which are not specifically provided for in the Motor Car Act, and so many cases have consequently to be decided upon precedent and magisterial discretion, that the ordinary solicitor cannot be regarded as competent to deal with them to the best advantage of his client; while for the motorist to attempt his own defence is usually tantamount to inviting a conviction.

Among the British firms who are competing in the forthcoming race for the French "Grand Prix," the Vauxhall people deserve mention for having decided to entrust their interests and reputation to British drivers. They have had many offers of services from well-known French racing motorists, but these have been declined, and the three Vauxhalls will be driven by Mr. A. J. Hancock, Mr. W. Watson, and Mr. Harry Ferguson respectively, with Mr. Percy Lambert, of Brooklands racing fame, as a reserve. Broadly speaking, French drivers have had more experience of high-speed work on roads than their British confrères, but there will be no lack of skill, nerve, or determination among the Vauxhall team. Mr. Hancock has won outright 28 out of the 45 contests in which he has taken part. Mr. Watson is famous as the winner of the "4-inch" race in the Isle of Man, and on two occasions, when competing for the Graphic Cup, he has beaten the crack drivers sent over specially from the Continent. Mr. Ferguson is perhaps better known as a successful racing motorcyclist, having won some 25 speed and hill-climbing contests in that branch of sport in 1905, when he first took it up, and 1906, when he deserted it for motoring proper; but he is also a clever car-driver, and is quite at home on a Vauxhall. Like Mr. Conway Jenkins and Mr. James Valentine, who will also compete in the "Grand Prix" race, Mr. Ferguson is a competent aviator, and holds an air pilot's certificate of proficiency.

The 12 h.p. De Dion Bouton accomplished a remarkable performance—witnessed by the present writer—on Sunday last. With a load of eight adult passengers, six inside and two standing on the footboards, the little car mounted the famous test hill at Cudham, which has a gradient of 1 in 4, and only just failed to carry its heavy burden round the awkward bend at the extreme top, two of the passengers having to alight at the critical spot. Most motorists are probably acquainted with the really formidable nature of the climb, and it was really too much to ask any 12 h.p. car to negotiate it with eight up. After this partial failure, however, the De Dion was tried again with six up—all men of average weight—and on this occasion it accomplished its difficult task with perfect ease, and obviously with some power in reserve.

R. B. H.

## In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

WE are passing through a 19-day account, in which there has been a Stock Exchange holiday. Therefore one is not surprised that the markets have been dull. Everybody wanted to take their profit at the same time, with the usual result. Until most of the "bull" accounts are liquidated, I do not think we can expect a good market. A few new issues have appeared. Messrs. Sperlings have been busy, and offered us a million and a half of 5 per cent. bonds at 92½ in the Empire District Electric Company. The name sounds most important, but the district is hardly so important as its name. The net earnings for six months do not encourage one to apply for the issue. The other proposition of Messrs. Sperlings is interesting, inasmuch as it offers us a share in a new fertiliser called calcium cyanamid. It is made from coke and lime combined in an electric oven with nitrogen. It contains 20 per cent. of nitrogen, and when mixed with the soil releases this nitrogen for the benefit of the plants. The net earnings of the company are estimated at 150,000 dollars. At present the only plant working in America is at Niagara, but another plant is to be erected at Alabama, and when this is finished 16 per cent. is expected to be earned on the common stock. Naturally, such a company is very speculative. The City of Winnipeg asked, but did not get the public to apply, for £960,000 4 per cent. bonds at 98. This is a sound investment, although not particularly cheap. Mr. Sandow has turned his cocoa business into a limited company. He is a remarkably clever man, and he has associated with him in the business Mr. Gamage, who is also a good man of business. But the prospectus is extremely vague as to past earnings, and anyone who takes shares must understand that they are in for a gamble. The Anglo-Canadian Finance ask us to subscribe for 94,000 shares at 10s. each at 1s. premium, which is only a small matter, and no doubt the friends of the directors will find the necessary money. Messrs. Brown, Shipley and Co. offered us £600,000 4 per cent. debentures in the Trust and Land Company of Canada at 96 per cent. This is an old-established concern, and since 1851 the dividend on the paid-up share capital has averaged nearly 7½ per cent. per annum. The stock is, therefore, a sound security.

**MONEY.**—Money appears to be growing more plentiful, and some people are talking of a reduction in the Bank Rate. But, as I said last week, everything depends upon Berlin. There is no reason why the Bank Rate should not be reduced, except the good accounts that we receive from America, where it is said that trade is rapidly improving. The Argentine appears to be obtaining all the money it needs without interfering with London. There are no other demands of any importance, and if speculation here dies down, a reduction in the Bank Rate seems certain.

**FOREIGNERS.**—Foreigners attract no attention. It is not believed that Italy will do more than threaten Turkey. Peruvians remain weak, but there has been some demand for Japanese securities. Why, no one seems to understand. It is possible that the Japanese Government are in urgent need of money. A foolish story has been put about that Japan had bought, or otherwise acquired, an enormous tract of land in Mexico. Although a war between Japan and the United States is one of the certainties of the future, it is hardly likely that Japan would choose the present moment to fight. Of course, if the story had been true, war would have been inevitable.

Tintos moved within very narrow limits, and although they do not fall, it can hardly be said that they look like going up at the moment. Nevertheless, I advise those who hold the stock to keep their shares, as the position in the Copper Market is good.

**HOME RAILS.**—Home Railways have been rather flat. There seems to have been a good deal of buying when the strike came to an end. Why the "bulls" should have come into this market I cannot see, for dividends are bound to be reduced, and there is nothing to go for in any of the heavy stocks. Metropolitans having risen from 45 to nearly 75, now begin to look shaky. The dividend for last year was only 1½ per cent., and, unless the Great Western take over the line, the present price is quite unjustified. It is officially denied that the company intends to amalgamate with the Underground Electric. The Income Bonds in this company are now quoted 92. They will probably be put to par in view of the big gross takings of the London General Omnibus Company. But, although these bonds may be considered a reasonable speculation, the A shares are a sheer gamble, and certainly not worth 15s. The group behind the speculation in Dover A and Little Chats is too powerful to allow the "bears" to bang the stocks, but I would rather be short than long.

**YANKEES.**—Yankees are dull, but all the advices from the United States speak hopefully of business, and I think that the reaction will quickly come to an end and that we shall soon have a good market again. At the moment no one has a good word to say for American railways. If Unions drop to 175 they should be bought. The 4 per cent. Preference are a sound security, and at 93½ look very attractive. There is very little difference, as far as income prospects are concerned, between the bonds and the Preference, for it is inconceivable that either could ever fail to get their interest. Yet the Preference are quoted 93½ and the bonds 107. There is always the chance that sooner or later the Preference stock may be withdrawn. Amalgamated at present prices are not dear. The dividend has been raised to 4 dollars, and the position of the company is growing stronger every day. We might easily see Amalgamated over 100.

**RUBBER.**—Nothing important has happened in the Rubber Market. The Kapar Para report was good. The dividend was raised 10 per cent., from 65 per cent. to 75 per cent., and no less than 82½ tons of rubber has been sold forward at 4s. 10d. per pound. But the present price of this share hardly yields a purchaser 10 per cent. In my opinion, this is not enough for a rubber company. At the same time, Kapar Para should easily maintain its 75 per cent. distribution for the current year.

**OIL.**—Like everyone else on the Stock Exchange, the oil speculator has been busy taking his profits, and even Ural Caspian gamblers have realised that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Both Shells and Urals have been sold. Spies, however, appear to have overcome their water difficulties, and the shares are being bought. One or two of the Maikop properties are being inquired for, and if Victoys were to fall much lower they might be purchased. There is a deal on in the New Maikop Producers, and those who buy should recollect that the reconstruction has left these shares with a 1s. 6d. liability. The underwriters are, therefore, trying to shift the responsibility of paying this call upon other people. Egyptian Oil shares are rather dull, and there is no doubt that insiders have been getting out. There is a deal on in Grosnys, and they should, therefore, be left alone. Mexican Eagles have been bid for, and, although they have had a good rise, they might still go higher. It is said that the Burmah report will not be good, and the shares have been sold from Scotland. Trinidads, however, look like rising. I hear well of the property.

**MINING SHARES.**—The Mining Market hardly requires any comment. Nothing has been done in either Kaffirs or Rhodesians.

**TIN.**—We have had a veritable slump in the Tin Market. It is said that Rumbold, having returned from Nigeria, expressed the opinion that the famous Anglo-Continental reef would not go 1½ per cent. of tin. It is rumoured that Rumbold and Rickard, the acute editor of the *Mining Magazine*, colluded together, and the result was a note on the Anglo position from the pen of Mr. Rickard. This was shown to the market, who promptly marked down Anglos, and, as no support was forthcoming, the "bulls" became nervous and got out of all their shares. I give the tale for what it is worth, without guaranteeing its accuracy. But, whether it be true or not, it is perfectly certain that Anglo-Continental are not worth their present price. All the other Tin shares are flat in sympathy, and this market may well be left alone until Mr. Edmund Davis returns from Venice.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—Marconis have had almost as bad a fall as Anglos. There never was anything to justify the ridiculous price at which they stood a fortnight ago, and I think that there is very little doubt that we shall see Marconis back again to 2. The whole finance of the Marconi group is objectionable. The making of genuine profits is neglected for mere company mongering.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

**VAN DEN BERGH.**—It is generally expected that the report of this company, which is about to be issued, will be of more than a usually favourable character. The shares now stand at 49s. 6d., which price carries with it the final distribution of half a crown per share. The latter was the basis of last year's final dividend, and although we do not anticipate that any increase in the dividend will now be declared, the attractiveness of the shares at their present price is apparent. Since the commencement of the current half-year, commencing on January 1, the business of the company has been on a very large scale, and prospects appear to be excellent.

**PREMIER OIL AND PIPE LINE.**—The closing of the financial year of this company has been extended for another three months until June 30 next, in consequence of the fact that the undertaking of the Triumph Oil and Transport Company, acquired last year, was not worked on behalf of the Premier Oil and Pipe Line Company until last June. The market position of the shares has been enhanced by the expectation that some extremely favourable news from the company's property will shortly be made known. The company has just declared a fourth quarterly dividend of 10 per cent. per annum, and at their present quotation of 21s. 9d. the shares certainly appear to offer a good medium for investment.

**WHIM WELL COPPER.**—The shares of this company are attracting a good deal of attention in the market at the present time, and the present quotation of 111-16 is fully expected to be considerably increased in the near future; in fact, £3 is regarded as a likely limit. In 1909 the company paid a dividend of 10 per cent., and for the 15 months to March 31, 1911, the distribution was raised to 12½ per cent., whilst it is expected that shareholders will receive an even larger dividend for the past twelve months. It may be mentioned that the company's paid-up capital is £200,000 in £1 shares, in addition to a debenture capital approaching £25,000. The property is of a high-class character; it is reported that the company has 1,000,000 tons of ore in sight, and the prospects of the undertaking are therefore most favourable.

**MESSINA (TRANSVAAL) DEVELOPMENT COMPANY.**—This is a copper company of more than ordinary merit. Operations, as the title suggests, have been largely devoted to development work, and up to the present some four miles of underground working has been proved to the entire satisfaction of the company. The company is

well equipped with regard to capital, and it also has, what is perhaps more important, a large tonnage of ore reserves of high-class value; whilst in the matter of transportation facilities the company is fortunately situated. The shares of the company have a market value of about 21s. 3d., and this quotation is likely to be considerably advanced during the next week or two.

## CORRESPONDENCE

BY RAIL TO INDIA.

*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.*

SIR.—I was all the more interested in Mr. Lawton's lucid article because he seemed to be attempting to review the whole matter from the very beginning. I am afraid that it is too late to oppose a scheme which has the open support of Sir Edward Grey and such recognised authorities as Colonel A. C. Yate, who, however, once opposed it; but one thing can be obtained, and that is that modifications should be introduced in the project. The political interest in the scheme should be reduced from the Russian part and increased from the British. After all, there must be in this country fewer economic interests in a railway that would carry British goods through Germany and Russia into Persia than there are in, say, that quite feasible scheme of Mr. C. E. D. Black, or the Bagdad Railway, which, when complete, will be most useful and important to many large concerns in this country, especially the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. Mr. Black's proposed railway from the Mediterranean to India would at least have the merits of being an all-British line.

Your contributor says that the Russian promoters of the scheme are believed to be very highly placed personages. The following list will certainly confirm him in that belief, and it will need very few inquiries to convince him that all the force of the Russian Government will, at the proper time, be behind these men. M. Khomiakov, the President of the third Duma, was interested in a previous similar scheme. The other members of the original Committee are:—MM. Timiriazeff, member of the Council of the Empire, and President of the Anglo-Russian Chamber of Commerce; my namesake Raffalovich, a relative of the commercial and financial attaché to the Russian Embassy in Paris; Barck, Director of the Banque Volga Kama; Bechkovski, President of the Company of the Vladicaucasian Railway; Bunge and Palacghevski, public contractors on a large scale; Guchkov, Director of a large Moscow firm dealing in sugar and tea; Sakbansky, chief engineer of the Surveys made in Persia in 1900; Zvegintseff, member of the Duma, who started pourparlers in this country and in Germany. And over here, I am sorry to say, there has been found enough capital already to furnish the whole quota allotted by the promoters to England. When, on January 7th, the conference of the financial parties interested in the scheme took place in Paris, between the conveners of the Russian Committee, MM. Raffalovich, Davyoff, and Putiloff, Lord Revelstoke was present on behalf of the Baring group, and there were also representatives of the Credit Lyonnais and the French financial syndicate. In Germany, Herr Furstenburg and the Director of the Deutsche Bank, Herr de Gwinner, demanded the participation of German capital in the Société d'Etudes, and it was supported by M. Timiriazeff himself.

Mr. Lawton mentions *en passant* that as a result of the Anglo-Russian Convention, Persia is no more a buffer State. But the fault is not in the Convention itself. Could it not rather be said that as a result of Sir Edward Grey's interpretation of it, as against the well-known

Spring-Rice memorandum and Sir G. Barclay's vain endeavours, Persia is on the way of becoming a Russian vassal?

I cannot follow Mr. Lawton in his attempt to raise once more the ghost of Germany's threatening economic expansion in Persia. Germany's activities are not recognised as of any importance by Englishmen who are in Persia, and the figures of their trade are very small. And their activities, if there are such, may come into conflict with England, but since the Potsdam Agreement they certainly do not come into conflict with the Russian interests, because the Russians saw to it that no policy of aggression against Germany should be allowed to be advocated in their country, and because they send diplomats and business men to arrange economic and political matters, and do not make use of idealistic philosopher-lawyers.

With regard to the Bagdad Railway spreading German influence, I learnt to my surprise, when I went to Turkey last autumn, that every German official or employee of the Bagdad line (there are comparatively few of them) has to learn French, and must carry out his correspondence in French. M. Huguenin, the general manager, is a Swiss subject, under the protection of the French Consulate in Turkey, and he is too good a business man to show any side in politics, although, of course, he serves faithfully the German Company that pays him. The Bagdad Railway may bring money to German shareholders in the future, but as a political instrument its effect is nil, and causes more worry to the German Foreign Office than is realised here.

Lastly, it is not at all certain that the journey from London to Bombay by the Transpersian Railway would take three days less than by the Bagdad route. Even in the promoters' idea it would take *no less* than eight days to go from London to Delhi. If Mr. Lawton will study the figures, he will realise that the Bagdad Railway could carry passengers and freight at a much quicker speed than it does at the present time should there be any need to do so. Also that the Transpersian scheme has made almost a bee-line trace, which is not likely to prove acceptable to the Government of India, even if Sir Edward Grey's exaggerated fear of losing Russian goodwill causes him to assent. For the sake of British interests, the line would have to pass along the Persian Gulf so that British guns could command it. It will be longer, but it will be safer. If your contributor has travelled in the East he will also agree with me that a good many people on their way to Bombay by rail would rather go through Southern Europe than across Russia into Persia, although Persia itself is a charming country enough.

With apologies for the length of this letter, I am, Sir, yours obediently,

GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

The Junior Conservative Club,  
April 18th, 1912.

## ART AND BEAUTY.

*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.*

SIR.—Two articles disclosing what amount to mutually exclusive opinions upon art find themselves very close neighbours in THE ACADEMY of April 6 last. In the one Mr. Haldane Macfall, following Tolstoy, in part at all events, holds that art has nothing to do with beauty, and that decadence in art means a want of vitality. In the other, the writer of "Rusty Pans" complains that although Mr. John Masefield's poem, "The Widow in the Bye-Street," exhibits strength, yet it lacks formal beauty, and must accordingly be considered wanting as poetry. It is a matter for regret that Mr. Macfall does not inform us what he understands by vitality in reference to art works: but perhaps we shall not go far astray if we assume that he means much the same quality as that strength which the other writer

acknowledges to be present in a work which he considers to be of but little poetic worth.

Art theory has trudged many a weary mile since Carlyle wrote "True Strength is one and the same with Beauty." I quote this not because I believe it to be true, but rather because it aptly illustrates a confusion of terms which still prevails in art criticism. As applied to art work the primary significance of the term beauty is as an attribute of form, whereas strength or vitality displays itself much more in the quality of the intellectual effort which underlies a work than in the actual form, the lines and colours, the words and rhythms, chosen as the vehicle for expressing this. In music, it is true, the distinction between beauty and vitality would not be easy to define, and this for the reason that it is difficult to discriminate, in this art, between form and subject-matter or content: so difficult indeed that the conclusion has frequently been drawn that form and subject-matter are identical in music. That such is not the case is immediately evident to any one who remembers the elemental fact that no two conductors obtain the same musical effects out of a given symphony. This could not be if the content of a musical composition were one with its form, if, that is, music addressed itself to the mind solely through note and key relationships.

It cannot, however, be denied that the conception of the identity of form and content in musical art has exercised a most important influence upon aesthetic speculation. This idea supplied the theoretical basis for the unfortunate theory that literary art is concerned with beauty of form alone. To show that we are justified in terming the art for beauty's sake creed unfortunate, we need go no further than the later works of Walter Pater, himself one of the earliest propounders of the doctrine in this country. "Marius the Epicurean" abounds with indications of its author's changed attitude towards art, and this change the essay on "Style" confirms and clearly defines. The view there disclosed is that though given beauty of form good art results, something more, a dedication to some humanitarian purpose, is needful to the making of great art, "as regards literature at all events."

Well, action and reaction is no less the law with artistic movements than with material dynamics. The art for beauty's sake creed has in due course provoked a reaction. Formerly the cry was, "Beauty is the sole aim of art": now Mr. Macfall never tires of reiterating, "Art has no relation whatsoever to beauty." The student of art may well suspect that these are the cries of extreme parties, and, as such, distort, rather than express the truth. Formalist or academic art, when it lacks vitality, we must, with Mr. Macfall, refuse to accept as great art: but equally must we refuse our homage to art, whatsoever its vitality, if it does not satisfy our sense of artistic form. The fact seems to be that contemporary art, though often good art, seldom attains the highest excellence. Adapting Carlyle's words to a new meaning, we may say: Beauty which is also Strength, that alone is great Art. To-day Beauty and Strength seem to have parted company. Some artists seek the one, some the other; but none of our contemporaries succeeds in bringing them both together into a single work as Sophocles and Praxiteles, Shakespeare and Leonardo, Beethoven and Goethe, did in happier days.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

April 12, 1912.

GEORGE LILLEY.

#### A DRACONIAN CRITIC.

To the *Editor of THE ACADEMY*.

SIR,—With all due deference to the cultured opinions of your reviewer regarding my "One Hundred and Five Sonnets," I think in some instances that he has hardly

been fair to me. May I then request the indulgence of your space for a reply to them.

A sonnet is, after all, only a form of verse hedged with certain rigid rules and restrictions, and the tendencies of the times being opposed to long poetic disquisitions, its very limitations urged my choice, which I hope will satisfy your critic as to my reason in choosing this "exigent form."

In spite of his dictum to the contrary, there are no trivial subjects unworthy of poetic thought. The endless variety of themes in nature and humanity can always be pressed in the service of the verse writer. As an instance, "an old armchair," a most commonplace subject, has been vivified into a poem of almost infinite pathos. The truth of the matter is, that the treatment of a subject, apart from any other reason, makes it trivial, as there are always possibilities in almost any theme to call forth the highest poetic ideas, and to my mind its "severe form" is quite beside the question. Whether my aims reach the ideals of any particular reviewer need not be discussed in a cursory letter.

Whether or not a sibilant line spoils its harmony is a matter of opinion. It seems to me, however, that one of the tests of a musical line is being able to scan it; and I maintain that those selected by your critic can be easily scanned and have no semblance at all to Matthew Arnold's quoted, unpolished, grating words.

My work frequently "resolves itself into a series of statements," is rather a curious and, I think, incorrect deduction. A statement, as I understand the term, is the narration of a fact, of something that has happened. Now when can the quoted description of "Evening on the Cliffs," with its suggestions, or the fantasies wrought by "Cloud Shapes," be only regarded as "statements"? You might as well apply this term to Longfellow's exquisite descriptive sonnet "Venice," or Byron's verbal picture of Lake Leman, and thousands of others. My versified representation of an evening scene or a floating cloud may fall short of your reviewer's poetic ideas, but surely they are not bare *statements* in any sense!

Whilst I have endeavoured to deal with your correspondent's Draconian criticisms, which I do not deem just, I thank him for his appreciative remarks, and I am obliged to you for the insertion of this letter.

Yours truly,  
THE AUTHOR OF "ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE SONNETS."

#### A POLITICAL GARDEN PARTY.

To the *Editor of THE ACADEMY*.

SIR,—In a recent issue of *The Daily News* there appeared an interesting letter from my old and much-esteemed friend, Mr. Henry Holiday, referring to a garden party which he and Mrs. Holiday gave at their Hampstead residence on June 30th, 1888, when Mr. Gladstone delivered a long speech on Home Rule. As I was present with my mother on that most interesting and memorable occasion, I was curious to see what I had written in my diary about it, and this is the (rather quaint) entry: "At half-past three o'clock in the afternoon Mama and I went by train and on foot to the Holidays at Oak Tree House, Hampstead, to meet Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, as it stated on the invitation card. There were, of course, hundreds of people present, amongst them being many well-known members of Parliament, such as James Stuart, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, T. P. O'Connor, Biggar, T. D. Sullivan, Mahony, Justin McCarthy, Asquith, etc., etc. The weather was beautifully fine, and Mr. Gladstone, who seemed to be in perfect health, made a speech of an hour's duration in the open air, speaking from a raised platform on the lawn in Holiday's garden. Mr. Gladstone's oration was solely about Ireland, and he abused the Government through thick and thin. Several other speeches were delivered,

and I afterwards managed to shake hands with the Grand Old Man. The whole affair was naturally highly novel and interesting. Refreshments there were in abundance."—I am, sir, yours very obediently,

West Hampstead, April 16th. ALGERNON ASHTON.

HENRI DE REGNIER.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR.—The article on M. de Régnier which you publish in your issue of April 13 is extremely interesting as being a tribute to a fine poet too little known in England.

It is perhaps a dangerous proceeding to quarrel with the critical conclusions of the author, but I must confess to a little bewilderment at his genealogy of Symbolism. Baudelaire, Gautier, Leconte de Lisle, and Sully Prudhomme were, it is true, Parnassians; that is to say, they were members of the school which originated with the publication of "Le Parnasse Contemporain." Verlaine in his first volume, "Poèmes Saturniens," also followed the principles of this group, which strove to exclude from their poetry not merely "the little personal details of everyday life," but also all trace of personality whatsoever. With his next volume he showed a distinct revulsion from this attitude, and it was he who founded the Symbolist school in direct antagonism to the Parnassians. The word "Symbolism" was invented by Jean Moréas as an alternative to "Décadence," and the principle involved has been defined as intense individuality, a breaking away from the rigid rules of Parnassianism similar to the Romanticist revolt from Classicalism earlier in the century. It is noteworthy that every definition of Symbolism insists on this principle of the release of the individuality.

In conclusion, I may note a few errors of fact. Mallarmé's first name is twice given as "Stéphan" instead of "Stéphane." M. de Régnier's poem dedicated to Mallarmé is "Marsyas," not "Maryas." Your contributor states that M. de Régnier's last volume of poems was "La Sandale Ailée," published in 1907. "Le Miroir des Heures" was published early last year. He also credits him with only seven novels instead of ten, and two volumes of short stories, and gives the impression that these deal with modern life whereas their action is for the most part placed in the seventeenth century. I would also protest against the form "De Régnier." It is correct to speak of Henri de Régnier or of M. de Régnier, but not of "De Régnier."

Yours faithfully,

RICHARD BUXTON.

"SHALL" AND "WILL."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR.—Mr. A. Bernon's critic, Mr. I. S. Allen, objects to the use of "shall" in "Mr. B. says he shall be hurt" (the direct statement was, "I shall be hurt.") I seem to share Mr. Allen's preference for "will" instead, but this may be because I am a Scot and therefore accustomed to a somewhat different "shall" and "will" usage from that on the other side of the Border. In justice to Mr. Bernon's view of the matter, the following rule, given in Bain's "Higher English Grammar," should not be overlooked: "In what is called indirect speech, 'shall' expresses futurity in all the persons" (page 169).

Dr. Bain goes on to remark that "this apparent exception illustrates the rule (he means a previous rule); for in that case the reason for changing from 'shall' to 'will' no longer exists. 'You say you shall write,' 'he says he shall write,' are no breach of courtesy, because the saying is put into the mouth of the person that performs the action. These are the exact parallels of 'I shall write.' The speaker speaks only for himself."

So many shades of meaning are involved in the use of these auxiliaries that familiarity with even all the rules provided by grammarians would not enable a writer to

employ the two words to the entire satisfaction of Mr. Bernon's "jury of purists." That court, it will be remembered, was concerned to show that very tragic consequences might befall a man as a result of his words being reported by someone that "misplaced his *shalls* and *wills*." Whether his warning will have any more effect upon us than the old story of the Irishman (or was it a Frenchman?) who, when he fell into the water, shouted, "I will be drowned," etc., remains to be seen. I am, etc.,

WM. C. MURISON.

Glasgow.

AN APPEAL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR.—I trust you will pardon the liberty I am taking in venturing to ask your favourable consideration of a somewhat unusual request. A friend used to send me THE ACADEMY, and I have spent many hours in reading it with much pleasure and interest. I am an invalid, as you will gather from my address, and cannot leave my bed owing to a severe spinal injury. Placed as I am I am unable to purchase THE ACADEMY in the usual way. I thought it possible that you might be able to induce a friend who takes the paper to do me a great favour by sending it to me after it had been done with. It is with much hesitation that I write, but I feel sure you will understand and forgive me for doing so.

Owing to the complete paralysis of all my limbs, I have to write by holding the pencil between my teeth and cannot use a pen.—Yours faithfully,

FREDERIC W. WALSH.

Midland Counties Home for Incurables,  
Leamington Spa.

[Perhaps some of our readers would like to respond.—ED.]

BALZAC IN THE "ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR.—My attention has been called to Mr. Frank Harris's first article on Balzac in your issue of the 6th inst., in which he speaks of the inadequacy of the notice of Balzac in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," signed "A. L." It would have been fairer if Mr. Harris had mentioned that the notice to which he referred was in the 9th edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," Vol. III of which was published in 1875. The article by Prof. G. Saintsbury in the 11th edition is certainly not open to the strictures passed by Mr. Harris, whatever may be the case as regards Mr. Andrew Lang's article in the 9th edition; if Mr. Harris will refer to it, he will find that, so far from the "Encyclopædia Britannica" giving "as much space to 'bamboo' as to 'Balzac,'" it gives more than three times as much (some 5,000 words), and that its notice of Balzac constitutes an "English judgment" which is not unworthy of the subject. Yours truly,

April 24, 1912.

HUGH CHISHOLM.

BOOKS RECEIVED

PERIODICALS.

*Garden Cities and Town Planning*; *The Malthusian*; *Good Health*; *Cambridge University Reporter*; *Sunday at Home*; *Boy's Own Paper*; *Girl's Own Paper* and *Women's Magazine*; *Friendly Greetings*; *Atlantic Monthly*; *Constitution Papers*; *Church Quarterly Review*; *St. George's Magazine*; *Bookseller*; *Literary Digest*, N.Y.; *Cornhill Magazine*; *Blackwood's Magazine*; *The Papyrus*; *Wednesday Review*, *Trichinopoly*; *Hindustan Review*, *Allahabad*; *Windsor Magazine*; *Journal of Philology*; *Fortnightly Review*, *Publishers' Circular*; *Revue Bleue*; *Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature*; *Nineteenth Century and After*; *Poetry Review*; *The International*, N.Y.

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